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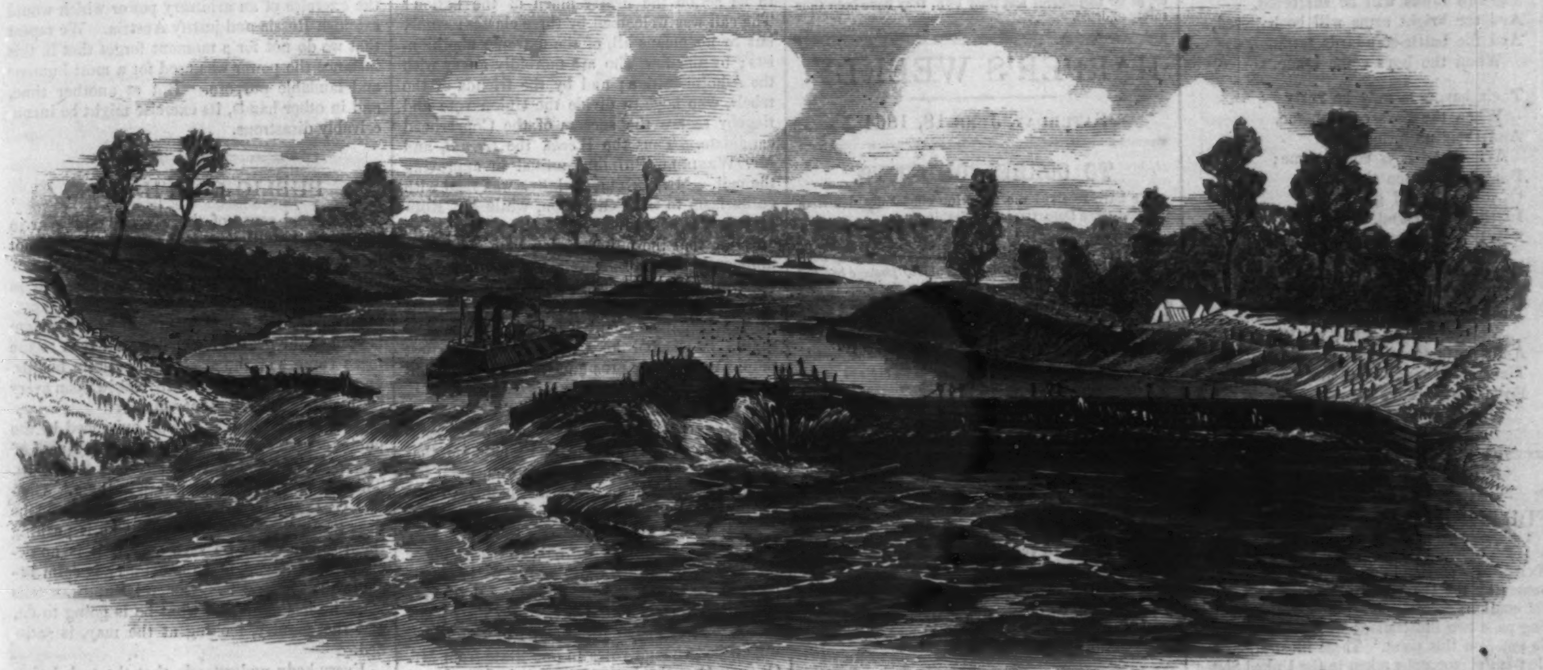
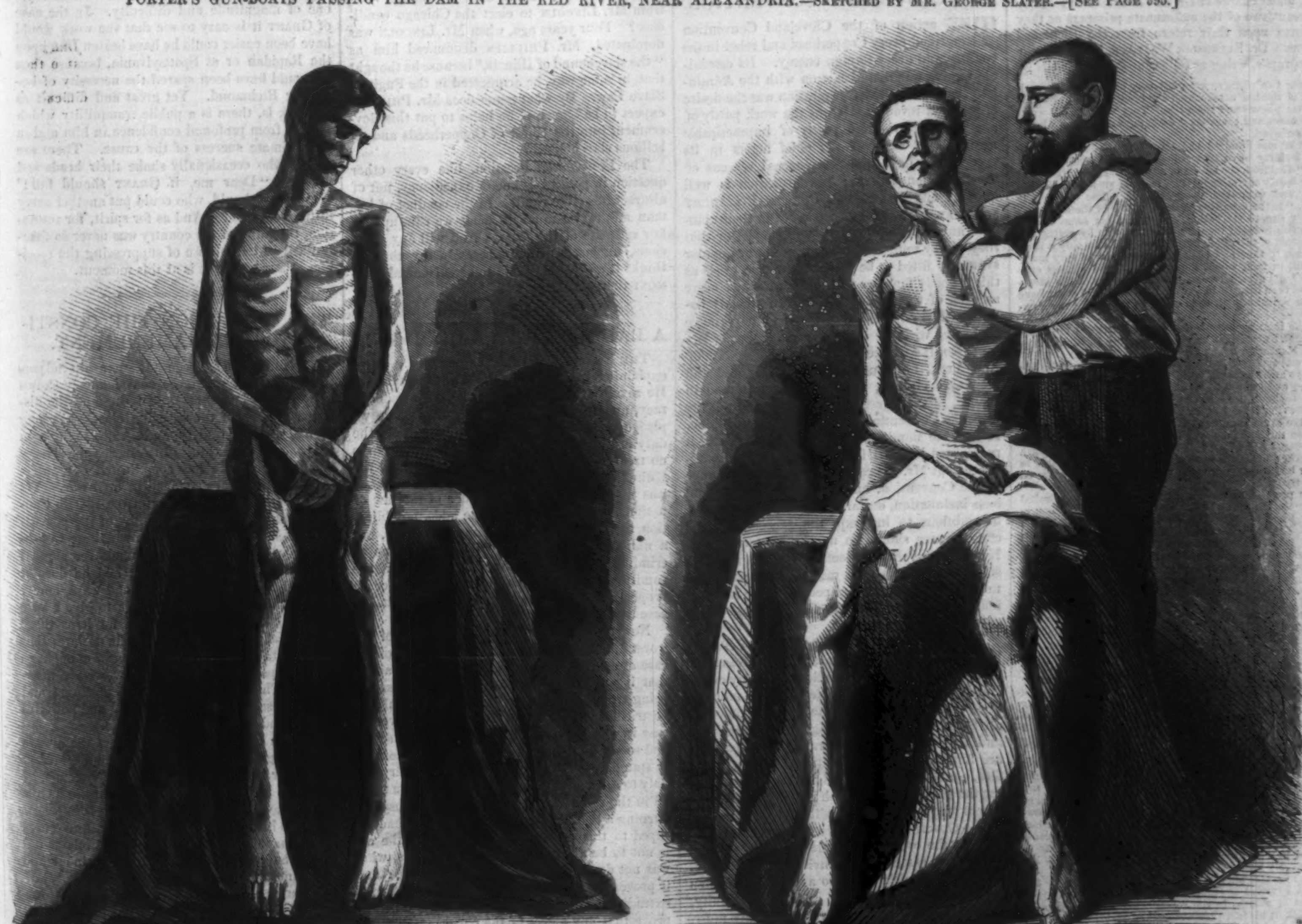


PORTER'S GUN-BOATS PASSING THE DAM IN THE RED RIVER, NEAR ALEXANDRIA.—SKETCHED BY MR. GEORGE SLATER.—[SEE PAGE 395.]



REBEL CRUELTY—OUR STARVED SOLDIERS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN AT UNITED STATES GENERAL HOSPITAL, ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME.

There's a happy time coming
  When the boys come home,
There's a glorious day coming
  When the boys come home.
We will end the dreadful story
Of this treason dark and gory
In a sun-burst of glory
  When the boys come home.

The day will seem brighter
  When the boys come home;
For our hearts will be lighter
  When the boys come home.
Wives and sweet-hearts will press them
In their arms, and caress them,
And pray God to bless them,
  When the boys come home.

The thinned ranks will be proudest
  When the boys come home,
And their cheer will ring the loudest
  When the boys come home.
The full ranks will be shattered,
And the bright arms will be battered,
And the battle-standards tattered,
  When the boys come home.

Their bayonets may be rusty
  When the boys come home,
And their uniforms dusty
  When the boys come home;
But all shall see the traces
Of battle's royal graces
In the brown and bearded faces
  When the boys come home.

Our love shall go to meet them
  When the boys come home,
To bless them and to greet them
  When the boys come home.
And the fame of their endeavor
Time and change shall not dissever
From the nation's heart forever
  When the boys come home.

John Hay.

Executive Mansion, Washington.

FURTHER PROOFS OF REBEL INHUMANITY.

Evidences of the inhuman treatment of our prisoners by the Confederate authorities at Richmond continue to multiply. We give on the preceding page two illustrations which afford indubitable proof on this point. These illustrations are made from photographs taken in the United States General Hospital, Division No. 1, Annapolis, Maryland, under charge of Dr. Z. Vanderkieft. They represent two of the unfortunate prisoners as they appeared upon their return from the Richmond prisons. Dr. Ellerslie Wallace, in sending the photographs, writes as follows:

> These two pictures are what may be called good specimens of the *bad* cases which are brought to the hospital from the prisons and Belle Isle. They are from the worst of the cases, and these worst cases form a numerous body. Both are dead.
>
> Out of one hundred bad cases brought in by boat on May 2 thirty have since died. Dr. Vanderkieft said they "died from the effects of neglect and cruel treatment at the hands of the enemy." Dr. V. is an honorable, upright, and warm-hearted gentleman. The question is asked, "Is the condition of the originals of these pictures entirely due to starvation, or is there not some disease which has reduced them?" I answer this by giving the statements of two of the men, which are, with only a little variation of time and place, the statements of very many—of all, in fact, whom I questioned. The various ones whom I did question were in different parts of the hospital, had been brought in at different times, and could have had no collusion with each other in answering my questions.
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> I take from my note-book first the statement of Corporal W. M. Smith, aged 22 years, Company D, Eighth Regiment Kentucky Infantry:
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> "I was captured in September, 1863; was on Belle Isle six days and nights without shelter. They took away my blanket and gum-cloth. It rained two or three days. I lay at night in the cold dew and frost. While in prison, after leaving Belle Isle, in December, I got small-pox. I wore the same summer clothes in which I was captured; I lay on the floor; I never had any thing to sleep on or any cover. After I got well of the small-pox I had to wash my clothes, for I had worn them all the time. I came in to this hospital in the same clothes. Diarrhea came on in February."
>
> This poor fellow was so shriveled that his face looked like that of an ape. It was seamed and wrinkled and in folds. I had his picture taken; he asked me for one; I promised it to him, and inquired what he wanted it for. He trembled, choked with emotion, calmed himself, again quivered, and, as the tears gushed from his eyes, said, "To send it home to my mother." I rejoiced when I found that the picture was a failure, for a sight of that face in a picture, I really believe, might have killed his mother, or turned her brain.
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> Another statement, that of Private Jackson Broshers, aged 20, Company D, Sixty-fifth Regiment Indiana Mounted Infantry, is as follows:
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> "I was captured December 16, 1863; was two months on Belle Isle; had a piece of a tent over me, but it was full of holes, and the water came through. A good many had no shelter at all; I don't know how many. They took from me my hat and cap, and gave me an old jeans rag hat. They took my overcoat, two blankets, and gum blanket. I had meat but three times on Belle Isle. I think it was mule meat, for I never saw such looking meat, and never tasted any of the same queer taste. I never had enough to eat while I was on Belle Isle; my ration was not near enough to satisfy my hunger. I got thinner and weaker every day, until in two months my stomach gave out: and then the weakness came on, oh, so bad! Well, I had to eat my ration or starve; so I chewed and nibbled it off and on as I could. Then in the last month of my imprisonment diarrhea came on. I came into this hospital on March 24, 1864. I am getting stronger and heavier every day. My weight was about 185 pounds. My height is 6 feet 1 inch."
>
> This man (Broshers), who thus weighed originally 185 pounds, I carried down stairs in my arms and weighed. He was 3½ months in the rebels' hands, and had never been sick in his life. He weighed on May 19, 1864, 108½ pounds; and he had then been eight weeks in the enjoyment of abundant nutriment, with stimulation and every excellent care in the United States hospital. What must he have weighed when he first came from prison?
>
> I saw one young man who had been a prisoner in the hands of the rebels for (I think) seven months. He had been released about a month before I saw him. Upon his entrance into the hospital the nurse and the surgeon both assured me that his fore-arm was so thin that it was transparent between the bones when held up to the sunlight. Certain it is that I have never seen a more emaciated human form, whether alive or dead, and yet he said that he was gaining flesh and strength every day. What must he have been one month before I saw him? For at this time he could not change his position in bed without assistance. His stomach was in such condition from starvation, *not from disease*, that when he was first admitted he was fed on milk, a teaspoonful every fifteen or twenty minutes. It was all that he could bear without vomiting. The kind and earnest efforts put forth day and night in his behalf failed to do more than support him for a time. He died shortly after I left Annapolis—died of inanition.
>
> The daily ration of these men in the prisons and on Belle Isle was, first, a piece of corn bread made of unbolted corn meal, dark and heavy. Its size is five inches long, four inches wide, and one inch and a half thick. I have seen these rations brought here as specimens. Second, as a further ration, they generally have two ounces of meat three times a week. Sometimes not nearly as often. A very few had two ounces of meat once every day. When sick with diarrhea they have the same rations, with the addition of bean soup, coarse and dark, ill-tasted and repulsive.
>
> The process of these men's depletion is perfectly plain. Under the combined effects of bad and deficient food their "stomach gave out;" then came indigestion, loss of appetite, nausea, weakness; then diarrhea, and often congestion of the lungs of atonic character, the result of impoverished blood and deficient powers of circulation. So they suffer, and hence they die, or are returned to the care of those for whom, for whose country, for whose honor, as for themselves and their own, they have been thus sorely afflicted.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 18, 1864.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received the following official decision from the Post-office Department at Washington:

"*In reply to your letter of yesterday, I have to state that the 24th sec. of the Postal Law of* 1863 *authorizing Book Manuscripts to be sent at printed rates of postage can not be so construed as to include articles for Newspapers and Magazines; but must be confined to Book Manuscripts alone.* I am, etc., St. John B. L. Skinner,
"Acting 1st Asst. Postmaster-General."

Section 26 of the Law prescribes "that if any matter on which by law postage is required to be prepaid at the mailing office shall reach its destination without such prepayment, *double the prepaid rates shall be charged and collected on delivery.*"

The Publishers of Harper's Magazine and Harper's Weekly must therefore give notice to Correspondents that all communications sent to them by mail must be prepaid at the rates of letter postage—*i. e., three cents for every half ounce;* and that communications upon which extra postage is charged will not be taken from the Post-office.—Also, that when the return of MSS. by mail is desired, the full amount for postage should be inclosed. Where this is not done, the amount sent will be affixed; but in that case the writers will be charged at the Post-office double rates—*i. e.*, six cents per half ounce.

They suggest that, where possible, all MSS. weighing more than four ounces should be sent by express rather than by mail.

THE CLEVELAND CONVENTION.

The action of the Cleveland Convention gratified every Copperhead and rebel in the country and every foreign enemy. Its ostensible motive was dissatisfaction with the Administration, but its chief inspiration was the desire of personal revenge. It was the work partly of angry and intriguing, partly of impracticable men. That some of the chief actors in its proceedings have especial personal reasons of dissatisfaction with the Administration is well known; and that Messrs. Parker Pillsbury and Stephen S. Foster represent in their opinions any great multitude of the people, or that they are by temperament or training or popular sympathy fitted to be leaders in such a crisis as this, nobody familiar with their careers, sincere as each of them doubtless is, can possibly believe. The only name of practical importance connected with the Convention was that of Lucius Robinson, the Controller of the State of New York, and one of its most honored and honorable citizens, and his letter was read in silence, his suggestions disregarded, and the work the Convention assembled to do was done. It came to nominate General Frémont, and it nominated him. His friends announced in advance that Mr. Lincoln should have no chance in the Convention, and, making a puerile and base insinuation, declared that if he sent any of his minions to interrupt the proceedings the consequences should be upon their own heads. Refusing to verify credentials the assembly resolved itself into a mass meeting, and assuming to speak for the American people, made its nominations, baptized itself the Radical Democracy, and adjourned.

It is indisputable that any number of citizens have a perfect right to meet and express their opinions, and nominate candidates for any office. But it is no less indisputable that at a moment of extreme national peril the practical union of all faithful citizens is a high moral necessity, and that calmness, forbearance, and patience are imperative patriotic duties. When, therefore, a practicable and usual method of ascertaining the general popular wish is opened—when all voters who wish the unconditional maintenance of the Government by every efficient means, including the overthrow of Slavery, if that shall be deemed essential, are invited to send representatives of their views to a Convention, then every citizen who wishes to maintain that unity, and who knows that his private preference must, by the highest necessity, yield to the general conviction, will abide by the action of that Convention. If he is of opinion that the policy of the Government is weak or slow he will do what he can to impress the public mind with his views. But, failing to succeed, he will not do all that he can to change that policy for one which, by giving the Presidency to the friends of rebels, substitutes treachery for weakness, and which, instead of slowly defending the right makes haste to yield to the wrong.

The Cleveland Convention was called by men who despaired of controlling the Union Convention at Baltimore. When they saw that the overpowering tendency of popular preference was for Mr. Lincoln, they denounced the Baltimore Convention as packed, and called another to meet a week previously and nominate another candidate, with the intention of saying that the nomination at Baltimore, after a Union candidate was in the field, was a willful schism and distraction of the Union party. Was this a loyal and honorable action, or was it an indication that personal passion was stronger than patriotism? Were the gentlemen who met at Cleveland really the representatives of the great mass of the Union men of the country? Was the response to the call before the meeting general, unanimous, enthusiastic? Is the response to its action the hearty amen of the nation? The call was welcomed by three classes: some, but by no means all, of the extreme abolitionists; by the few who are morbidly angry with the Administration; and by the friends of the rebels, who hope to divide the Union vote and thereby secure the success of the Copperhead candidate. Thus the *World*, the *Herald*, and Mr. Wendell Phillips united in approving the call. Mr. Phillips's letter was read with enthusiasm to the Convention, while Mr. Robinson's was heard in silence. Now there is no question that the united Union vote would triumphantly prevail in November. There may be a question whether it can be divided and yet the victory be secured. Mr. Phillips and his friends take this chance; and if M'Clellan should be elected he will owe the heartiest thanks to Mr. Phillips and the Cleveland Convention.

If it be asked why should not the friends of Mr. Lincoln give way to those of General Frémont, the reply is one of fact; namely, that every sign shows Mr. Lincoln to be, upon the whole, the candidate most acceptable to the great mass of the Union party. If this were not so, if this were not known to be the truth, why should the Copperhead journals so lustily cheer Mr. Phillips and his Cleveland friends? It is because they hope and ardently pray that these gentlemen may do what Mr. Birney's friends did in 1844. They elected Mr. Polk by drawing off just enough votes in one State from Mr. Clay. Can the better part of the Cleveland gentlemen really wish to draw off enough votes from Mr. Lincoln to elect the Chicago candidate? Four years ago, when Mr. Lincoln was nominated, Mr. Phillips denounced him as "the slavehound of Illinois," because he thought that, in some way, he acquiesced in the Fugitive Slave Law. By what name does Mr. Phillips expect to be known if he helps to put this Government into the power of Copperheads and rebellious slaveholders?

The Presidential question, like every other question in politics, is one of expediency, not of abstract, absolute right. In the conduct of human affairs we must do what we can, upon a fair estimate of the facts. And will any sagacious, unbiased man deliberately say that he thinks it more practicable to elect General Frémont than Mr. Lincoln?

A BAD MEANS TO A GOOD END.

The Secretary of State has written a letter explaining his action in the Arguelles case. He says that our laws make the slave-trade piracy, and in our treaty with Great Britain we pledge ourselves to urge upon all Powers the duty of putting a stop to the traffic. There is no treaty of extradition between Spain and the United States, and the surrender of Arguelles was made, he says, in pursuance of the law of nations. There is, indeed, he adds, no obligation to return a criminal without a treaty, but a nation is never bound to furnish asylum to criminals against the human race; and if the comity of return without treaty might ever be properly practiced, he thinks it was in such a case as that of Arguelles.

Now that Arguelles was a criminal of the worst kind no one who has read the facts of the case as stated will deny; and we shall all admit that it was very desirable that, the accusation being true, he should be sent home to Cuba to be tried and punished. If there ever were a case in which a man might be summarily seized and secured without form of law, this, if correctly stated, was the case. But the Secretary has only to ask himself whether he would have treated in the same way a pirate who was accused of burning a Spanish ship at sea, and who had escaped to this country, to perceive that the act is not to be allowed. His excuse shows, what was not doubted, the purity of his motive; and it proves conclusively that there ought to be an extradition treaty with Spain; but it does not prove that any officer of the Government is authorized arbitrarily to imprison and deport from the country a person who may or may not be the person who may or who may not have committed a crime with which he is charged against the laws of another country with which we have no understanding upon the subject. The Sultan of Turkey never exercised a more absolute despotism.

The slave-trade being the foul crime that it is, and the Spanish Government being, as this case shows, so very anxious to lay hands upon offenders, and the seat of the offense of sale being so near us, the true answer for the Secretary to give the Spanish Government would have been the proposal for an extradition treaty. That would have covered this case and all others. It would have shown to Spain that we did not wish to harbor her most infamous criminals, and would have allowed no opportunity for the expression of a general alarm that the guarantees of personal liberty had become less sacred in the stress of the war.

If for any reason an extradition treaty is impracticable, then a law of Congress prescribing the method in which the surrender of criminals shall be made is the other alternative. But if neither course is adopted the extradition of such persons is impossible, because the American people will not submit, and ought not to submit, to the exercise of an arbitrary power which would astonish Russia and justify Austria. We repeat that we do not for a moment forget that in this instance the power was used for a most humane and laudable purpose. But at another time, and in other hands, its exercise might be inconceivably disastrous.

PUBLIC CONFIDENCE.

The good sense of the Secretary of War in issuing daily bulletins of the campaign can not be too highly commended. It is another proof of the fact that we have settled down to war in earnest, and that the country wishes to know only the truth. The good result of the system is seen in the deaf ear which we all turn to the mere rumors of the street and bulletin boards, and in the question universally asked upon every fresh statement, "Is that official?"

This happy result is greatly enhanced by the public confidence in the perfect truthfulness of the reports of Generals Grant and Sherman. There is no rhetorical clap-trap in them. General Grant drives the enemy to cover, and he does not instantly telegraph that he is pushing them to the wall; he says only, "it is no decisive advantage," and the country is calm because the General is. General Sherman tells what he has done, not what he is going to do, and the country, looking at the map, is satisfied.

Every body understands that the task before Grant and Sherman is, as the President says, one of magnitude and difficulty. In the case of Grant it is easy to see that the work would have been easier could he have beaten Lee upon the Rapidan or at Spottsylvania, because then he would have been spared the necessity of besieging Richmond. Yet great and difficult as the task is, there is a public tranquillity which springs from profound confidence in him and in the ultimate success of the cause. There are people who occasionally shake their heads and whisper, "Dear me, if Grant should fail!" Well, if he should, who could put another army in the field first? And as for spirit, for resolution, the mind of the country was never so firmly fixed in its purpose of suppressing the rebellion at any cost as it is at this moment.

THE VOTE UPON THE CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT.

The difference between statesmanship and partisanship was never more conspicuously shown than in two late events. In England the disfranchisement of the laboring classes has long been a source of anxiety, and seemed to threaten the peace of the future. In America the slavery of the negro race has complicated our public affairs until we are engaged in civil war. Yet Mr. Gladstone, a member of the British Cabinet, and by birth and sympathy of the governing class in England, does not hesitate to propose that provision shall be made for a great enlargement of the franchise; and he does it upon the grounds of justice and expediency. The men to whom he proposes to give a vote are, he contends, just as fitted for it as those who already have it; and then he declares that the inevitable agitation of the question ought to be anticipated and prevented by wise concessions. This is Mr. Gladstone's position; and he is, consequently, more honored and powerful in England to-day than ever before.

Now in our own country we have the always perplexing and exasperating question of slavery. Whatever its moral excellence as a system may be, there is no doubt that while men are men it will excite the most angry disturbances in peace, as it has hitherto; disturbances and differences which have ended in war. The fundamental law of the land provides a perfectly plain method of emancipation, and of consequent removal of this source of vital irritation. In the very presence of the terrible mischief it has occasioned it might be thought that every legislator, from the highest motives of expediency, would favor its lawful, constitutional disappearance. And yet fifty-five American representatives, facetiously calling themselves Democrats, or friends of equal rights and fair play, voted against the simple proposition to ask the people of the country whether they wished slavery to be abolished. There was but one solitary and most honorable exception upon what is called the Democratic side of the House. Every so-called "Democrat" voted in favor of human slavery, except JOHN A. GRISWOLD of Troy, New York, whose name shall be gratefully remembered.

It is a sorrowful and shameful record. Henceforth no service that these gentlemen can render to the country, no protesting enthusiasm for the Union and the Government, no noisy gasconade about liberty and man, can conceal the disgraceful fact that, while the war which slavery has produced holds us all steeped in blood to the lips, and imperils civilization itself, they deliberately voted against the chance of lawful and peaceful emancipation. Mr. GLADSTONE, with the sagacity of a statesman who knows that whoever enlarges liberty, in any direction, is dear to the heart of man, has taken a step which will always rejoice those who follow him and bear his name. But with what bitter regret and indignation will the descendants of these fifty-five gentlemen remember that their ancestors dealt this deliberate blow at justice and liberty!

REBEL CRUELTY.

THE pictures which we publish to-day of the effect of rebel cruelty to our prisoners are fearful to look upon; but they are not fancy sketches from descriptions; they are photographs from life, or rather from death in life, and a thousand-fold more impressively than any description they tell the terrible truth. It is not the effect of disease that we see in these pictures; it is the consequence of starvation. It is the work of desperate and infuriated men whose human instincts have become imbruted by the constant habit of outraging humanity. There is no civilized nation in the world with which we could be at war which would suffer the prisoners in its hands to receive such treatment as our men get from the rebels; and the reason is, that none of them are slaveholding nations, for nowhere are human life and human nature so cheap as among those who treat human beings like cattle.

The Committee on the conduct of the war have made the most searching investigation of the condition of our returned prisoners, and their report of the cruelties to which they have been subjected is accompanied by the evidence. But no evidence is like these pictures. The Committee say:

> "The evidence proves, beyond all manner of doubt, a determination on the part of the rebel authorities, deliberately and persistently practiced for a long time past, to subject those of our soldiers who have been so unfortunate as to fall into their hands to a system of treatment which has resulted in reducing many of those who have survived and been permitted to return to us to a condition, both physically and mentally, which no language we can use can adequately describe.
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> "The general practice of their captors was to rob them, as soon as they were taken prisoners, of all their money, valuables, blankets, and good clothing, and that, upon their arrival at Richmond, they have been confined, without blankets or other covering, in buildings without fire, or upon Belle Isle with, in many cases, no shelter, and in others with nothing but old discarded army tents, so injured by rents and holes as to present but little barrier to the wind and storms.
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> * * * * * * *
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> "In respect to the food furnished to our men by the rebel authorities, the testimony proves that the ration of each man was totally insufficient in quantity *to preserve the health of a child*, even had it been of proper quality, which it was not. It consisted usually, at the most, of two small pieces of corn-bread, made in many instances, as the witnesses state, of corn and cobs ground together, and badly prepared and cooked; of, at times, about two ounces of meat, usually of poor quality, and unfit to be eaten, and occasionally a few black, worm-eaten beans, or something of that kind. Many of our men were compelled to sell to their guards and others, for what price they could get, such clothing and blankets as they were permitted to receive of that forwarded for their use by our Government, in order to obtain additional food sufficient to sustain life; thus, by endeavoring to avoid one privation, reducing themselves to the same destitute condition in respect to clothing and covering that they were in before they received any from our Government. When they became sick and diseased in consequence of this exposure and privation, and were admitted into the hospitals, their treatment was little, if any, improved as to food, though they doubtless suffered less from exposure to cold than before. Their food still remained insufficient in quantity and altogether unfit in quality.
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> "Your Committee, therefore, are constrained to say that they can hardly avoid the conclusion, expressed by so many of our released soldiers, that the inhuman practices herein referred to are the result of a determination on the part of the rebel authorities to reduce our soldiers in their power, by privation of food and clothing, and by exposure, to such a condition that those who may survive shall never recover so as to be able to render any effective service in the field. And your Committee accordingly ask that this report, with the accompanying testimony, be printed with the report and testimony in relation to the massacre of Fort Pillow, the one being, in their opinion, no less than the other, the result of a predetermined policy. As regards the assertions of some of the rebel newspapers, that our prisoners have received at their hands the same treatment that their own soldiers in the field have received, they are evidently but the most glaring and unblushing falsehoods. No one can for a moment be deceived by such statements who will reflect that our soldiers, who when taken prisoners have been stout healthy men, in the prime and vigor of life, yet have died by hundreds under the treatment they have received, although required to perform no duties of the camp or the march; while the rebel soldiers are able to make long and rapid marches, and to offer a stubborn resistance in the field."

We hope not to be told that such pictures will make children shudder, for we should certainly be amazed if they did not. Such pictures are for parents to ponder. This is the spirit which inspires the rebellion. How is it to be cast out? Can any thing which makes American citizens capable of torturing other American citizens in this fiendish manner be safely tolerated? Shall we lop off the branches, or shall we uproot the tree?

"OUR MUTUAL FRIEND" AND "DENIS DUVAL."

THE second number of the new story by DICKENS, published in the July number of *Harper's Magazine*, is delightful. Mr. Silas Wegg and Mr. Nick Boffin are two of his most characteristic figures, and the reading of the Decline-and-Fall-off-the-Rooshan-Empire is one of his most rollicking pieces of melodramatic humor. Indeed the tale opens like a very exciting and complicated melodrama. The two numbers have introduced persons and mysteries and threads of interest enough to keep attention and wonder unflagging for a year. In Lizzie Hexam we have one of the pathetically and powerfully-drawn women which, like Little Dorrit and other of his creations, are among the most beautiful tributes in English literature to womanly character. Thus far, with the exception of the second chapter, which undertakes what DICKENS can never accomplish—a good description of "society"—the story is laid in that lower stratum of London life in whose delineation he is unsurpassed. Its queer, quaint, shifting play of light and shadow are nowhere so wonderfully vivid as in his books, as indeed that life is seldom drawn by any one who impresses you as a master. The shop and the business and the personality of Mr. Venus—the street stall and avocations of Mr. Silas Wegg—the Harmony Jail, or Boffin's Bower, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Boffin, with their strict regard for each other's individual taste. "Mrs. Boffin, Wegg," said Boffin, "is a high-flier at Fashion, and her make is such, that she does it credit. As to myself, I ain't yet as Fash'nable as I may come to be. Henerietty, old lady, this is the gentleman that's a-going to decline and fall off the Rooshan Empire"—the inn of the Six Jolly Fellowship-Porters and Miss Abbey Potterson, who presides over its destiny—all these things are rattled off with a buoyancy which makes the reader almost gasp to reflect that they are written by the author of Pickwick and Nicholas Nickleby, which seem already to have taken their places with Joseph Andrews and Roderick Random.

But THACKERAY'S "Denis Duval," of which the third part is in the July *Harper*, might have been written by a purified Smollett—purified in genius, in power, and in style. The exquisite finish of this tale is unsurpassed, and the picturesque interest with which it invests the little details of life and the characters of the English sea-coast a hundred years ago, are very remarkable. There is a delightful ease of conscious power in it, and as we draw to the end of the number, and, musing over the tender little scene with which it concludes, remember that there is but one more—but one more forever from the kind heart and generous mind that were never so kind and generous as in this story, we close the book with a sigh and a blessing.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*June* 1. The House bill to amend the act relative to public printing was passed.—A resolution was adopted requesting the Secretary of War to communicate to the Senate all information received by him from our armies, when the same can be given without injury to the public interests.——*June* 2. The House bill to expedite the settlement of land titles in California, at San Francisco and elsewhere, the bill relieving the professors of the West Point Academy from liability to military orders, and the joint resolution tendering the thanks of Congress to Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph Bailey, Acting Engineer of the Nineteenth Army Corps, for his skill and ability in extricating our gun-boats on the Red River, were passed.——*June* 3. The consideration of the Internal Revenue bill occupied most of the day; several amendments were adopted in reference to the tax on tobacco.——*June* 4. The House bill to provide for the payment of the Second Regiment, Third Brigade, Ohio Volunteer Militia, was passed.—The bill to extend for five years the time for the reversion to the United States of lands granted by Congress to aid in the construction of a railroad from Marquette to Flint was passed.—The bill to pay Wisconsin her five per cent. on the reserved public lands in her borders was dismissed.——*June* 6. The bill giving 100,000 acres of land to the State of Wisconsin, to aid in constructing the Ship Canal from Green Bay to Lake Michigan, was passed.—The Internal Revenue bill came up, and several amendments were adopted.——*June* 7. Several bills were reported but no final action was taken.

HOUSE.—*June* 1. Mr. Davis introduced a bill for the construction of a bridge over the Hudson at Albany for military and postal purposes, which was referred to the Committee on Commerce.—The House concurred in the report of the Committee of Conference on the disagreeing amendments to the National Bank bill.—Mr. Dawes made a report in the Missouri contested election case of Birch contesting the seat of King. After some discussion the House discharged the Committee on Elections from any further consideration of the subject, so that Mr. King, the sitting member, retains his seat.——*June* 2. The session was mainly occupied in considering the Tariff bill, several gentlemen making speeches.—The Senate bills to compensate the officers and seamen on the gun-boat *De Kalb*, which was destroyed, for the loss of clothing, and to authorize the honorable discharge of firemen and coal-heavers in the naval service, the same as granted to seamen, were passed.——*June* 3. A resolution allowing mileage and salary to Mr. M'Henry of Kentucky and Mr. Birch of Missouri, who unsuccessfully contested the seats of Messrs. Yeaman and King, was rejected.—The Senate bill amendatory of the law granting alternate sections of land to Michigan to aid in the construction of railroads was passed.—The House went into Committee on the Tariff, and several amendments were made, the bill occupying all the session until recess.—After recess Mr. Washburne reported a bill, which was passed, authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to sell the Marine Hospital and grounds at Chicago, and with the proceeds of such sale purchase a more healthy and retired location.—The Bankrupt bill was discussed, after which the Senate bill, to prohibit speculating transactions in coin and bullion, was considered until the adjournment.——*June* 4. The House went into Committee of the Whole on the Tariff bill. A large number of amendments were made, when the Committee rose and reported the bill, with the amendments, to the House. All the amendments were concurred in. The bill was then passed by Yeas, 81; Nays, 26.——*June* 6. Mr. Garfield reported a bill for the more speedy punishment of guerrillas as murderers, and violators of the laws and customs of war—the sentences to be carried into effect by the commanding Generals and commanders of departments. They have power to mitigate punishment to confinement in the Penitentiary, but not in cases of sentence of death, or cashiering or dismissal of officers. The bill was passed, 72 to 37.—Mr. Wilson reported back the Senate bill for the summary trial of minor offenses against the United States, which was passed.—The Senate bill, providing that no member of Congress, after his election and continuance in office, nor any head of department or bureau, or clerk, shall receive or agree to receive any compensation, directly or indirectly, for any service rendered or to be rendered either by himself or another in proceedings relative to contracts, etc., was passed.—The House bill placing contractors for supplies for the army and navy under the laws which relate to those branches of the public service was also passed.—The House also passed the Senate joint resolution of thanks to Lieutenant-Colonel Bailey for the relief of the Red River fleet by his engineering skill.——*June* 7. Mr. Hooper reported a bill to provide ways and means for the support of the Government by authorizing a loan of four hundred millions of dollars, to be borrowed on coupon or registered bonds, bearing six per cent. interest.—The report of the Committee of Conference on the disagreeing amendments to the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill was disagreed to.—The Senate bill prohibiting speculation in coin and bullion was laid on the table.

GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN.

On the 30th ult., as stated in our last report, our advance was within ten miles of Richmond, having on the 28th beaten the enemy's cavalry, with a loss on his part of 1000. On the morning of that day (30th) our army again advanced an average march of four miles, occupying nearly all day, brought the different corps in connected line of battle close upon the enemy's intrenchments, Warren having the left, Hancock the centre, Wright the right, and Burnside the reserve, though the latter subsequently assumed a portion of the line. Warren and Hancock pressed the enemy's skirmishers from the first. The former crossed the Tolopatomay without serious opposition and intrenched in three lines. A little after dark the enemy attacked his left, first falling upon Crawford's division and forcing a part of it from the first line, but reaching the second line, or rather a line further to the left and so practically a second line, held by Kitchen's brigade, late heavy artillery, they met a terrible repulse. This line was concave toward the enemy, with a battery at each horn of the half moon. Early's division rushed into this snare, and speedily went back, all that was left of it. The repulse was complete; our own loss was trivial, the enemy's terrible. Crawford and Kitchen lost perhaps 200 killed and wounded, and they buried that number of the enemy's dead, took over a hundred prisoners, exclusive of over a hundred rebel wounded left on the ground.

Meanwhile Hancock had been not less successful in gaining the position he wanted. By noon he had pushed back a heavy skirmish line so close to their own works that Barlow's division planted Arnold's battery within 500 yards of a rebel battery. An artillery duel of an hour silenced the rebel guns first engaged, but disclosed others right and left. During the evening while Warren repelled an assault Hancock made one. Barlow's division charged and carried a range of rebel rifle-pits, thus advancing the left and centre of the corps line equally with the right, and cutting off an enfilading fire which might have troubled us. This advance was under cover of an artillery fire of a dozen guns and eight Cohor mortars.

On Tuesday afternoon (31st) General Sheridan, discovering a force of rebel cavalry, which proved to be Fitz Hugh Lee's division, at Cold Harbor, three miles from the Chickahominy, advanced to the attack, and, after a hard fight, routed the division, together with Clingman's brigade of infantry, which came to Lee's support. Sheridan, who remained in possession of the place, took a considerable number of prisoners, many of the rebel dead and wounded also falling into his hands. The position being one of some importance, the Sixth Corps was ordered to occupy it, and late on Tuesday night moved forward for that purpose. On Wednesday an attack was ordered to be made at that point (our left) by the Sixth Corps, the troops under Smith, who had come up from York River, Warren, Burnside, and Hancock being held in readiness to advance in their respective fronts. The attack was made with spirit about 5 o'clock P.M., continuing until after dark, and resulting in our carrying the enemy's works on the right of the Sixth Corps, and also the first line in front of Smith. The latter, however, were commanded in the rear, which made those carried untenable. The enemy made repeated assaults on each of the corps not engaged in the main assault, but were repulsed with loss in every instance. Seven hundred prisoners were taken. During the night the enemy made several assaults to regain what they had lost, but failed. At one time Warren was assailed after the old plan of hurling massed columns upon his lines; but having his infantry well posted behind earth-works, and his artillery well in position, the enemy was repulsed in three desperate charges with frightful slaughter.

On Tuesday night, 31st ult., while Sheridan was fighting on the left, General Wilson with his cavalrymen had a fight on the right, near Hanover Court House, with Young's brigade of rebel cavalry. The enemy were routed, with a severe loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners. On Wednesday evening our cavalry entered Mechanicsville, after scouting about the old battle-fields of the Chickahominy.

On Thursday there was but little fighting, but on Friday morning at 4 o'clock, General Grant made an assault on the enemy's lines, driving him within his intrenchments at all points, but without gaining any decisive advantage. When Barlow's division charged the enemy's works he succeeded in getting possession of seventeen guns and taking two hundred and fifty prisoners. But, not being supported, he was exposed to an enfilading fire, and was compelled to evacuate the works he had so gallantly captured, and also had to abandon the guns. General Grant says: "Our loss was not severe, nor do I suppose the enemy to have lost heavily. We captured over 300 prisoners, mostly from Breckinridge." Another later official report, not from General Grant, estimates the number of our killed and wounded at about 3000. The following officers are among the killed: Colonel Haskell, Thirty-sixth Wisconsin; Colonel Porter, Eighth New York Heavy Artillery; Colonel Morris, Sixty-sixth New York. Among the wounded are: General R. O. Tyler, seriously—will probably lose a foot; General John R. Brooks, contusion in stomach; Colonel M'Mahon, One Hundred and Sixty-fourth New York; Colonel Byrnes, Eighth Massachusetts—probably mortally; Colonel Brooks, Fifty-third Pennsylvania.

On Friday evening the enemy suddenly attacked Smith's Brigade of Gibbon's Division. The battle lasted with great fury for half an hour. The attack was handsomely repulsed. Smith's losses were inconsiderable. At 6 P.M. Wilson, with his cavalry, fell upon the rear of a brigade of Heth's Division, which Lee had thrown around to his left apparently with the intention of enveloping Burnside. After a sharp but short conflict Wilson drove them from their rifle-pits in confusion. He took a few prisoners. He had previously fought and routed Gordon's brigade of rebel cavalry. During these fights he lost several officers; among them Colonel Preston, First Vermont Cavalry, killed; Colonel Benjamin, Eighth New York Cavalry, seriously wounded. General Stannard, serving in the Eighteenth Corps, was severely wounded on Friday.

Our entire loss in killed, wounded, and missing during the three days' operations around Cold Harbor will not exceed, according to the Adjutant-General's report, 7500.

There were no demonstrative movements by either army during Saturday. A desultory cannonading was heard on our extreme left, in the direction of Bottom's Bridge, but it soon ceased. The day was cool, and rain fell in sufficient quantities to refresh, and not deluge, the men in hospitals, on picket, and in the trenches.—On Saturday night, about 8 o'clock, the enemy made his accustomed night attack in a furious assault upon Barlow, but, as ever before, was repulsed with severe loss. About midnight he attempted to drive Hancock from his position, and again signally failed. Hancock's lines were brought within 40 yards of the rebel works. The enemy lost 300 in killed and over 1000 wounded. The rebels were very busy on Saturday constructing intrenchments on the west side of the Chickahominy, at Bottom's Bridge, and toward evening threw a party across to the east side.

On Sunday there was no fighting, both armies seeking rest.

About midnight on Monday the rebels made a fierce assault on Burnside, but were successfully repulsed. On the preceding afternoon a hundred picked men of the enemy made a raid to find out what was the meaning of Hancock's advancing siege lines. Nine of the party were captured, and the rest killed or driven back.

Several letters have passed between General Grant and General Lee in respect to collecting the dead and the wounded between the two armies. General Grant, in the closing letter, regrets that all his efforts "for alleviating the sufferings of wounded men left on the battle-field have been rendered nugatory."

General Grant's new base is now completely established at the White House, and wagon-trains come and go regularly.

A large number of rebel prisoners have reached White House. Several hundred arrive daily from the field of Grant's operations.

Reinforcements are constantly going forward to General Grant.

MOVEMENTS ON THE PENINSULA.

General Smith's command, detached from Butler's army, arrived at White House on the 30th ult., landed at once, and pushed forward to join General Grant the next day. There was no difficulty in getting up the Pamunkey, no torpedoes being found. The landing was made on the same spot where the Army of the Potomac made its base in 1862—White House Landing.

During Monday and Tuesday, 30th and 31st ult., every thing was comparatively quiet with General Butler. On Wednesday morning, June 1, the enemy attacked General Butler's left wing, and a spirited fight ensued, resulting in the repulse of the enemy. On Wednesday night the enemy returned to the attack, and made a charge, with the evident intention of capturing our Parrott guns, but were repulsed with heavy loss. The fighting continued until near Thursday morning. About 2 o'clock on that morning the last and grandest effort of the rebels was met by three regiments of Terry's division, who occupied the rifle-pits on our right. Our line was broken, for a time, in two places, but was subsequently re-established on the ground originally occupied. We took several prisoners, but lost as many.

THE CAMPAIGN IN GEORGIA.

Our record last week closed with the occupation of Dallas, Georgia, by a part of General Sherman's army, on May 28. After bringing up supplies and reinforcements, on Wednesday, June 1, M'Pherson moved up from Dallas to a point in front of the enemy at New Hope Church. On Thursday, June 2, Schofield and Hooker, having been shifted to the extreme left, pushed forward toward Marietta. At the same time Stoneman's and Garrand's cavalry were sent to Altoona Pass, which they reached and held possession of. These movements secured the Pass, which was considered a formidable one, and necessary to our safety in future operations. A dispatch from General Sherman, dated June 5, at Altoona Creek, says that "the enemy discovering us moving round his right flank, abandoned his position last night and marched off. General M'Pherson is moving to-day for Ackworth, General Thomas on the direct Marietta road, and Schofield on his right. It has been raining hard for three days, and the roads are heavy. An examination of the enemy's abandoned line of works here show an immense line of works, which I have turned with less loss to ourselves than we have inflicted upon them." The army supplies of forage and provisions are ample.—A dispatch dated June 6 says: "I am now on the railroad at Ackworth Station, and have full possession forward to within six miles of Marietta. All well." Ackworth Station is ten miles south of Altoona. A dispatch from Louisville, Kentucky, 6th, says: General Howard was wounded in the foot on May 28. General Johnson had two ribs broken by a piece of shell. Major Hanson, of the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Ohio, was killed. Captain Stinson, Aid-de-camp to General Johnson, was mortally wounded. In all the fights we have had the advantage. No general battles have yet taken place. Johnson opposes a strong rear-guard to Sherman, retarding his advance as much as possible, it is believed, for the purpose of relieving his supplies and getting munitions of war from Atlanta and Augusta. General Sherman, at Ackworth, is in railroad and telegraphic communication with Chattanooga, and in this respect his campaign is without a parallel. His communications are intact, and the army has plenty to eat, and is in fine condition.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A terrible catastrophe, by which forty soldiers of the One Hundred and Thirty-Second and One Hundred and Fifty-Eight New York Regiments and Twelfth New York Cavalry were killed, occurred near Newbern, North Carolina, on the 26th ult. Four monstrous torpedoes accidentally exploded as the train containing them reached Bachelor's Creek station, blowing to pieces the forty soldiers above-mentioned, and wounding twenty or thirty others. The signal-tower and a commissary building, twenty feet by eighty feet, built of logs, were thrown into the air a distance of eight hundred feet, and strewed the country for a great distance around with the fragments.

Major-General Carl Schurz has been placed in command of the convalescent barracks at Nashville.

Major-General Foster assumed command of the Department of the South on the 20th ult. Brigadier-General Hatch has been assigned to the command of Hilton Head District. During a reconnoissance recently up the Ashepoo River by General Birney the steamer *Boston* passed further up the stream than was intended, and was opened on by a rebel battery while aground and struck seventy times. She was thus disabled, and during the night was abandoned and burned by our forces. The navy tug-boat *Columbine* had been captured by the rebels on St. John's River, about ten miles above Pilatka, Florida. She had on board, it is stated, about ninety soldiers (colored) beside the crew. She was armed with two 20-pounder guns.

The Navy Department has received information of the capture off Wilmington of the steamer *Caledonia*, which was built and registered in Quebec in 1863, and was owned by a rebel agent at Queenstown, from which port she sailed.

Governor Brown, of Georgia, has ordered every civil officer in the State under 50 years of age to go at once to the army; those who refuse will be subject to drum-head court-martial.

Major-General Frémont has resigned from the army, and his resignation has been accepted. A number of the officers of his staff are also said to have left the service.

From the Richmond *Examiner* of the 3d it is learned that ex-South Carolina Congressman Lawrence M. Keitt was mortally wounded on June 1 at Cold Harbor, and died next day. Also that General Dales, commanding a division of Ewell's Corps, was killed on the 2d, opposite Bartlett's brigade, Fifth Corps.

The following is a list of naval prizes up to the 1st of June, 1864: Steamers, 232; schooners, 627; sloops, 159; barks, 29; brigs, 32; ships, 15; yachts and small craft, 133; total, 1227. The aggregate value is $17,000,000, to be distributed among the naval captors.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE news of the battles in Virginia has created a profound sensation in England. The Confederate loan fell six per cent.—The notorious rams built by the Messrs. Laird have been purchased by the British Government. No particulars are given.—The Prince of Wales recently made his first public appearance as a speaker at the seventy-fifth anniversary dinner of the Royal Literary Fund, at which he presided. The dinner was attended by a large number of men eminent in politics and literature.

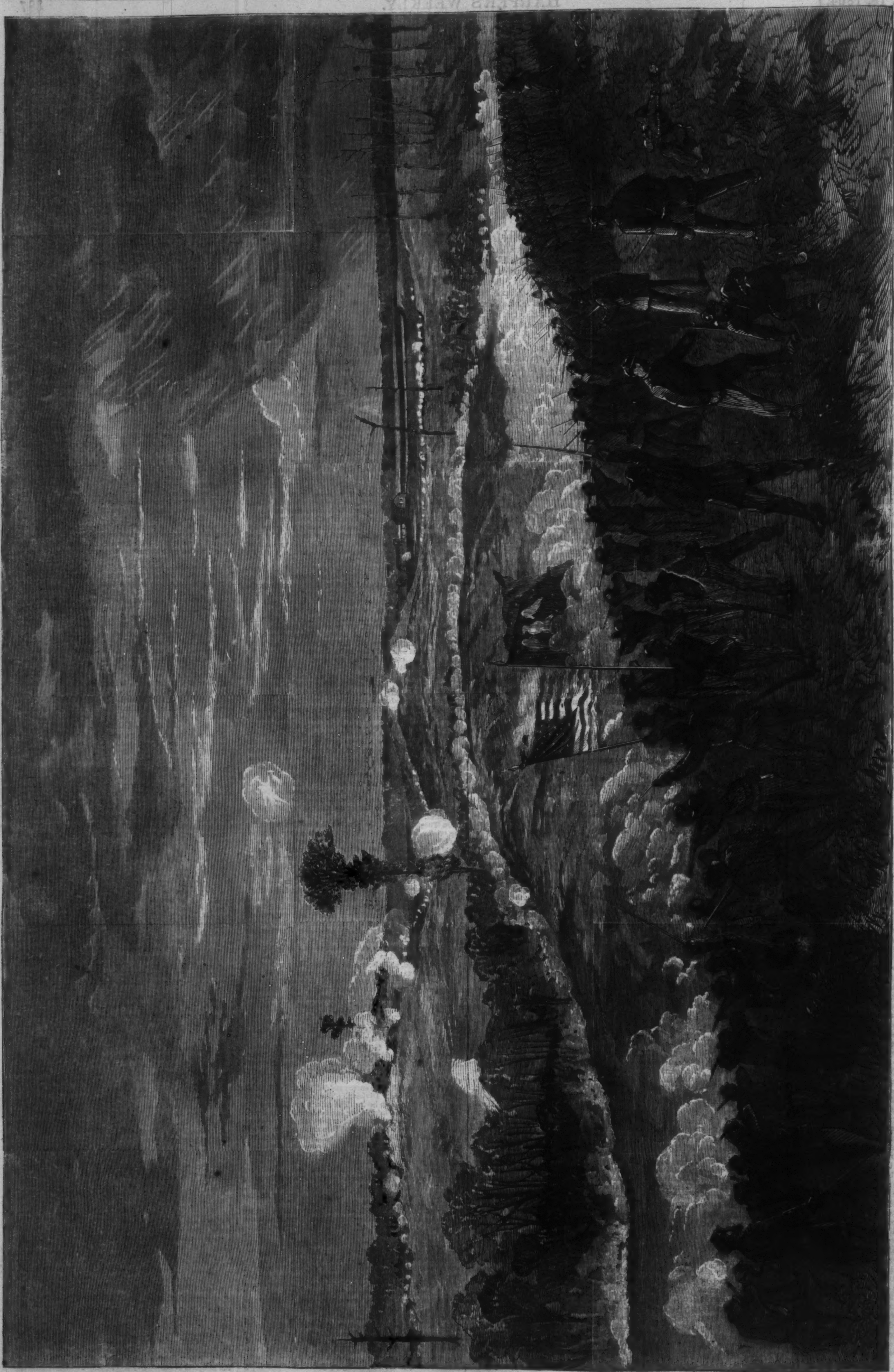
THE SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN QUESTION.

The London Conference held another meeting on the 27th of May. It is believed that Austria, Prussia, Germany, and England will consent to the plan of France, to take a vote of the people of the Duchies. Another report says the Conference was about to debate a proposition for the final separation of Schleswig and Holstein from Denmark. Other demands tending to the disintegration of the kingdom of Denmark had sprung up.

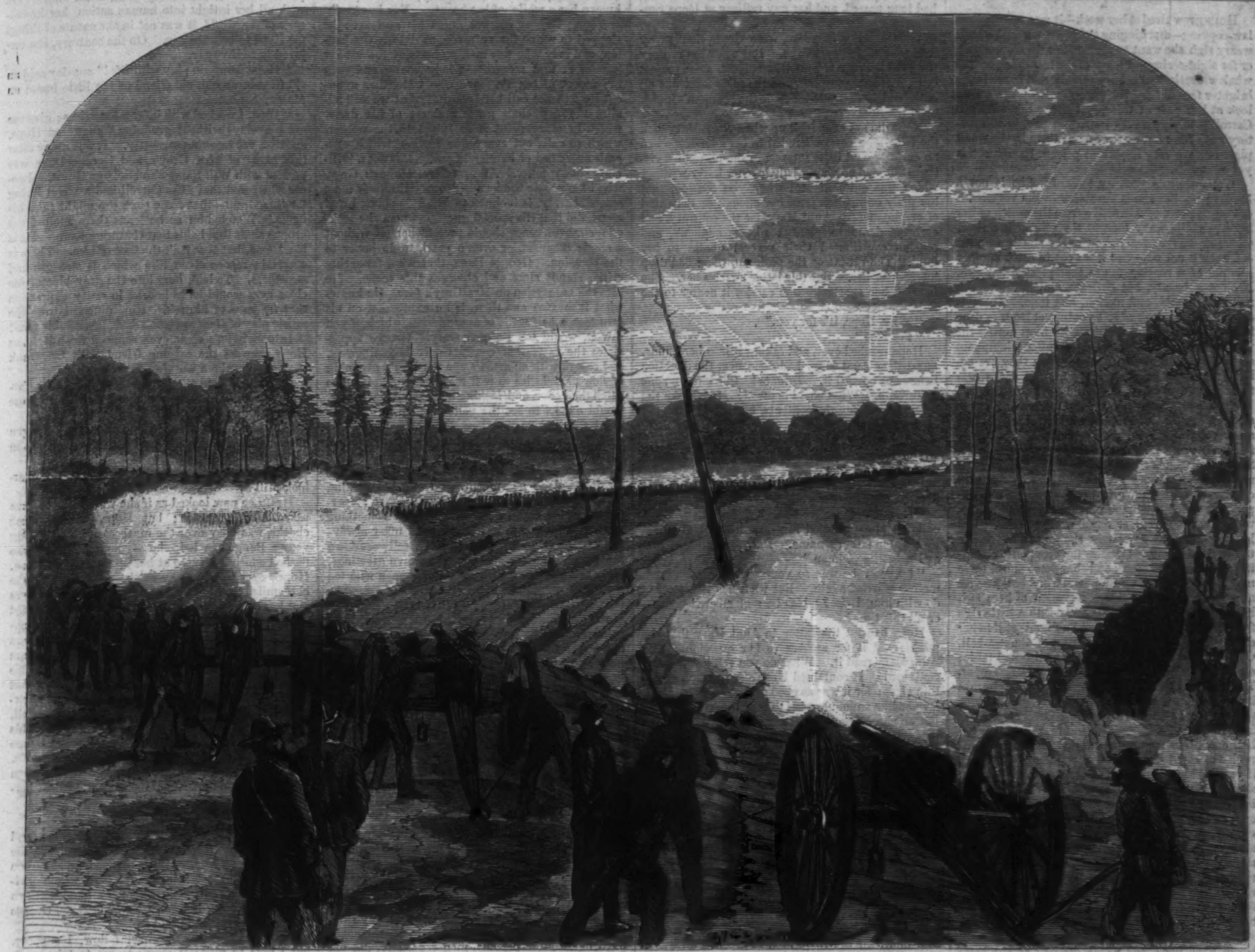
MISCELLANEOUS.

The Duke de Malakoff (Marshal Pelissier), Governor of Algeria, is dead. He was in his 70th year.

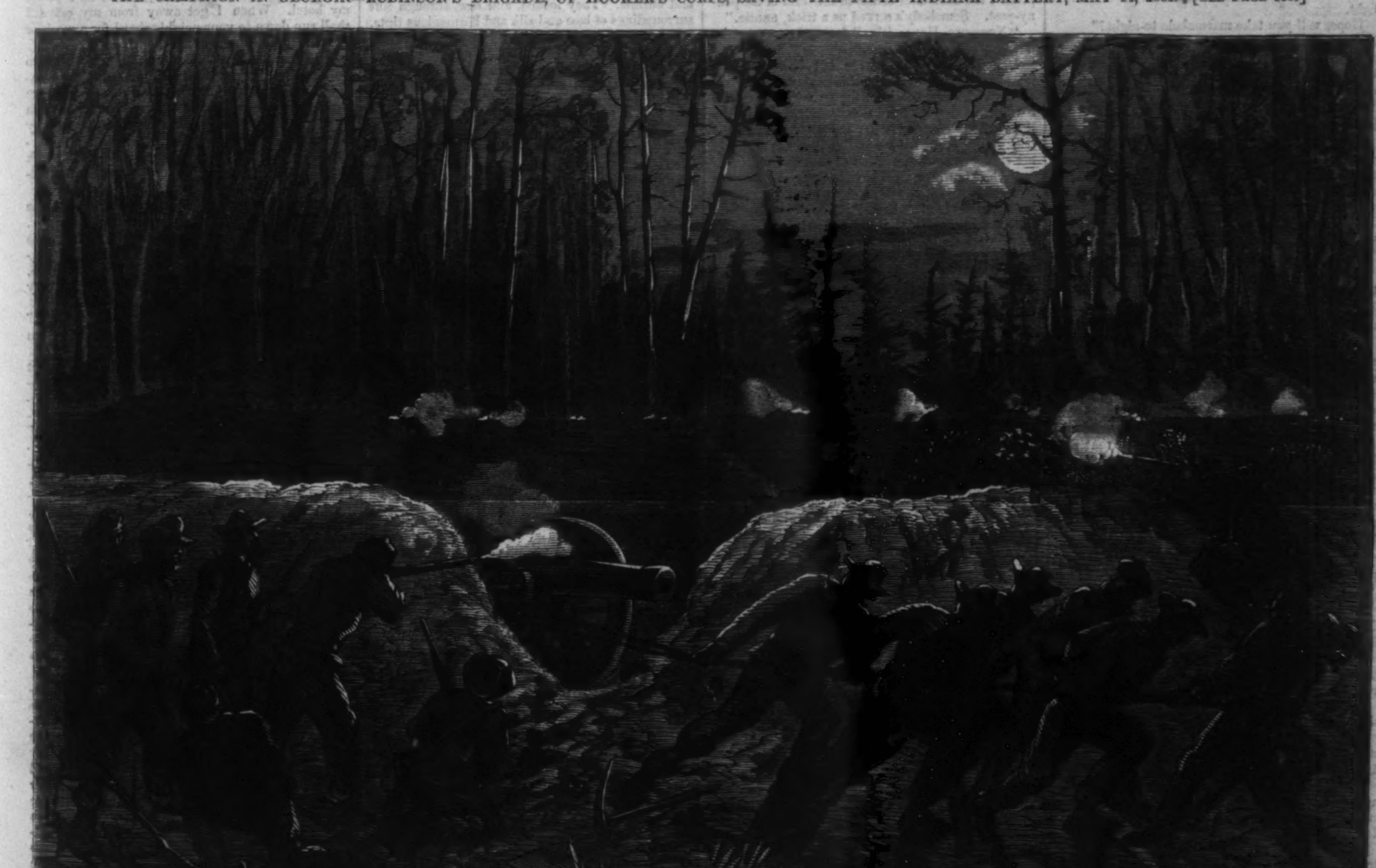
Accounts of the Pope's health are said to be unfavorable.



THE CAMPAIGN IN GEORGIA—CHARGE OF LOGAN'S TROOPS AT THE BATTLE OF RESACA, MAY 14, 1864.—From a Sketch by Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 395.]



THE CAMPAIGN IN GEORGIA—ROBINSON'S BRIGADE, OF HOOKER'S CORPS, SAVING THE FIFTH INDIANA BATTERY, MAY 14, 1864.—[See Page 395.]



THE CAMPAIGN IN GEORGIA—GEARY'S DIVISION DIGGING THE GUNS OUT OF A REBEL BATTERY BEFORE RESACA, ON THE NIGHT OF MAY 15, 1864.—[See Page 395.]

AN HEIRESS.

I.

Hope grew tired of her work—it was some tedious law-copying—and flinging the pen down with a little weary sigh she went to the window for amusement, or for sight-seeing. Plenty of the last there, for the window overlooked a busy street; and soon Hope's brighter face did not belie her name. Take a long look at her now at this point of her life, for Hope Carroll is to play a very important part in this history; is even now, as she stands there in the small plain room, a very important person, though she is yet unawares.

Well, what do you say to *her?* She is not a beauty; no, but she is attractive in the very teeth of that demurrer. Attractive from the crown of her head, with its wavy hair, to the sole of her shoe, which shows the royal hollow as she stands a tip-toe—for she is not tall—and leans out to catch another glimpse of a passing figure that pleased her eye. No, not a beauty, but delicate and fair and womanly in mould, and motion, and tone. There is about her too a look of soft youth, yet Hope is deep in her twenties. Miss Miles who lives across the way would tell you, with that peculiar triumphant smile that some women assume when they are enlightening you on such subjects, that Hope was twenty-six every day, if she did "*seem* so young."

Hope *was* young, not merely in seeming but in all interior life. She had about her, or within her, an ever-springing freshness which made for her an immortal youth that would last until her dying day. So, as she stands there now with the weight of, it maybe, even twenty-six years, there is this airy quality of young grace in her movements and expression which her life of planning care can not utterly overcloud. Her day's work is ended; and looking down the gay street she forgets her weary toil in the dreams and fancies the constantly changing faces suggest. Now and then some one of these many faces will look up, and a smile and bow pass for greeting to her. In this observation of hers twilight steals on and she turns away with a little sigh from her pleasant pastime, yet half holds still to her dreams as she obeys the tinkling of the tea-bell. Only she and Aunt Mary at the small round table; only she and Aunt Mary in the small tenement. They two make the home there; a very pleasant home, though it has its cares, its anxieties, which proceed from that rough janitor—Poverty. There is a trifle that goes out with Aunt Mary; that is not half enough to support them, and Hope in her capacity of copyist makes up the principal. Hope, if you were her intimate friend, would tell you that she was certainly one of the most favored of women in having such constant occupation, and such kind and constant employers. Her clear and legible chirography would be enough to answer all that, and you might wonder perhaps that with such constant employment, so well paid, that Hope wasn't a richer woman. But consider this girl, with her delcate though not diseased physique, and do not wonder that she can not confine herself for eight or ten hours of each day to the close, moveless occupation of a copyist. If she did, you would miss that fresh bloom upon her cheek which deepens as she seats herself at the table under a brilliant globe of gaslight.

Hope, will you take marmalade to-night?"

Hope sits gazing into the little amber and gold gift-cup that Aunt Mary always places for her, and answers irrelevantly:

> "'And lucid sirups tinct with cinnamon.'"

"What!" half questions, half exclaims, Aunt Mary.

Hope lifts her head and laughs. The dream clears, and she comes back from her fancy-wandering to answer more sanely: "No, I will not have any marmalade, Aunt Mary."

"Hope, what *were* you thinking about?"

"Thinking? I wasn't thinking, Aunt Mary. I was sitting at a feast served

> 'On golden dishes and in baskets bright
> Of wreathed silver; sumptuous they stand.'

And I don't know—I believe I was the queen of it, and was listening to some sort of a kingly fellow as he talked splendid nonsense to me.

> 'King of us all, we cried to thee, cried to thee!'"

sung Hope in conclusion; her quotation fitting only to some dinner fancy of hers.

Aunt Mary laughed, and asked Hope how she could condescend to come down to such simple fare and to only her society after that fine feast and company. Hope laughed back, and told her that she brought her company with her; and as for the feast, nothing so easy as to turn this amber cup into gold and the rest of the table-furniture changed just as swiftly into "wreathed silver" and cut-glass. The marmalade melted into

> "——jellies soother than the creamy curd."

The little white biscuits became French puffs, and all imaginable sweets and wonderful wines glistened and glowed upon this fairy table.

"Just like Duke Humphrey's dinner. Ah, Aunt Mary, did you ever read that story, 'Duke Humphrey's Dinner?' No? You shall read it very soon, then, and I too. It was the most charming and delightful thing. I read it long, long ago in one of *Harper's Magazines.* Ah me!"

And Hope, though she smiled, looked a little wistfully at the amber cup. By-and-by:

"Aunt Mary, I should like to be rich, and be queen of fête and feast. If I were rich, Aunt Mary, I should be handsome."

There was the least tinge of bitterness in the sarcasm of this remark. Aunt Mary made some demurrer against the sarcasm, not the assertion, which Hope took up.

"Oh, I don't mean that the gold would gild my face *entirely;* I have more vanity than that; but I mean that, with its prestige and the pretty fresh things it would buy me, I should be discovered by the now unobservant world to be a beauty. Not that I should be that, but pretty, fresh things, and artistic taste in the arrangement of them, would make any woman more attractive."

Aunt Mary rallied Hope a little on her ambition and her vanity, but Aunt Mary did not moralize. She had the genius to sympathize with what she had long passed, and her gay raillery at Hope contained no restriction or reproof. Thus these two, so wide asunder in years, were closer than many comrades of the same age. But after the raillery the good lady opened another subject, some project or plan of housekeeping, and the fairy feast was all out of sight, when rat-tat came the postman's knock upon the door.

Hope did not even look up when Aunt Mary took the letter the carrier handed to her; for Hope had no curiosity and little interest in the postman's visits. She had no young-lady love for letter-writing, which was quite natural when you consider that her daily occupation gave her enough of that kind of employment. Aunt Mary, on the contrary, had correspondents in plenty; nieces, nephews, and cousins contributed their several quotas to her fund. The rat-tat of the postman, then; had deep interest for her. But this letter puzzles her. She puts on her spectacles and carries it nearer to the light.

"Why, Hope, it's for you."

"For me?"

Hope reached over, and taking it into her hands, puzzled, as Aunt Mary had done, over the direction before she opened it. Toronto! She knew no one in Toronto. What could it mean? She broke the seal, and reading the contents, her surprise did not seem to abate.

"Aunt Mary, who is James Retson?"

Her tone was quite cool, but full of the surprise that was in her face.

"James Retson? Why, Hope, it's your Uncle James—your mother's brother."

"How stupid of me! I had forgotten. We children always called him and heard him called by his step-father's name. I always think of him as Uncle Jim Colman."

"I know; he was so young when your grandmother married again. But what has the letter to do with him, Hope? Has he remembered you after all this time?"

Hope handed the letter to Aunt Mary that she might read it for answer to her question. And Aunt Mary read it. What do you think this letter contained? It contained Hope's fortune. Yes, nothing less; for it was as good as that—this crabbed, lawyer-like announcement that by the will of James Retson she, Hope Carroll, was sole heiress of all the lands, estates, and funded property of the said James Retson. And Hope was forthwith summoned to appear before the courts of Toronto to prove and swear herself the said Hope Carroll. Hope was watching Aunt Mary's face, and knew when she had got to the end of the letter.

"Was there ever any thing out of a sensation novel equal to this, Aunt Mary? That this uncle, whom I haven't seen and have half forgotten in all these years, whom none of us ever heard of, good, bad, or indifferent in the time, should suddenly appear to us after death in the form of a will like a prince's! Aunt Mary, do you suppose it's true? I feel odd and elvish, as if I had stepped into a fairy ring and seen the little men in green. Just as I was talking about being rich too. I wished, and, presto! the enchanter comes in the form of the penny-post. Somebody's served us a trick, auntie."

"Nonsense, Hope; it's all fast and sure enough; but very strange, it is true."

Hope knew it was nonsense, but she was steadying her emotions a little by this gayety. They sat and talked, Hope bearing her part very soberly for a while, as they planned their journey and all the little details concerning it; but after a while the tricky spirit broke out again, this time not to steady her emotions but as an outlet of exuberance.

"Ah, Aunt Mary, I'll have the purple silk gown I've always wanted now, and rings, and brooches, and bracelets in abundance!" Hope had a barbaric taste for ornaments. "We'll ride in a coach every day; I do hope it won't turn out a pumpkin as we drive up to the door, auntie. And I'll have a feast like the one of my fancy, with the baskets of silver and the gold cups; and I'll be queen of it.

> 'All in a purple gown she stood
> Her hair within a diamond snood.'

I shall be a beauty then, you may be sure, auntie;

> 'For through the diamonds did her hair
> Shine soft as silk, and still more fair
> The faint, faint rose upon her cheeks.'"

"Hope, go to bed," said Aunt Mary. "Your head is getting light."

"But the best of all is, auntie, you shall sit with folded hands from morning until night."

"Hope, I should be tired to death of it."

"You shall go to routs and balls then, every evening, and 'not come home till morning.'"

Hope's gay voice here failed her. The two looked at each other for a moment and the tears came into the young and old eyes. Deep within both their hearts swelled the tide of thankfulness for this ease and plenty, and freedom from anxiety and care, that had come to them.

II.

In the brilliant rooms of Mrs. Hofman Grey there was a little buzz of expectation, which sometimes amounted to a slight waiting-hush. What was it? All the reigning belles had arrived. Even Mrs. Marsh and her beautiful twins, who always made a sensation. A young man standing by Ellen Marsh broke into his pretty party talk to say:

"My cousin, George Dane, says the old house on Ludlow Square is turned into quite a palace of art. George, you know, is a judge."

"Oh!" the little beauty looked thoughtful a moment and forgot her flirtation. "How I wish I knew her well enough to call," she ended, animatedly.

"George is quite intimate there," the young man resumed.

"He admires her, doesn't he? Thinks her very handsome?" the fair Ellen asked, anxiously.

"Yes, he admires her, but I can't believe George thinks her very handsome. She has wonderful style and air, I'll admit, but her face is cold and irregular; yet I've known fellows as fastidious as George, and with as critical a knowledge of the lines of beauty, talk vivaciously, after they had known her a while, of her beauty. You know—"

Young Ranger did not finish his sentence: he stopped to watch the entrance, as did his companion, of a lady who was making her way toward her hostess at that moment—a lady young and with the aspect of beauty. We who watch her unexcitedly will not call her beautiful; but we will admire the marvelous grace and art of her dress, which in every point is so suited to the wearer, which so calls out every fine feature, which conceals every bad or indifferent one. It is not a brilliant, showy toilet. At first Mrs. Hofman Grey, who likes people to adorn her rooms with their most splendid array, is inclined to feel disappointed and aggrieved that the special guest to whom she looked for magnificence should present herself without a single diamond, or even a pearl, to do honor to the occasion. George Dane, that wise, far-seeing critic, stands aloof and observes this scene. He sees the expression on Mrs. Grey's face. He knows what it means; and there is an expression on his own face, a half smile of appreciation, which, if you saw it, would tell its own story. George appreciates the taste that consults only becomingness, and enjoys with an artist's eye the lovely grouping of flowers. Lilies so real that you would bend to catch their odor, and, looking into their dewy hearts, would expect to see the yellow pollen powder the pearl silk and floating lace. As Mrs. Grey's eye detects this lace her brow clears. Mrs. Grey understands all the mysterious grades of the delicate fabric, and this tender, fairy-meshed stuff counts for diamonds in adornment. So with her floating lace, her floating lilies, her consciousness of perfection in her costume, which gives her something of that smiling ease which a woman must always feel with this consciousness, Hope Carroll goes down the room to meet and speak, to receive greetings, and exchange them with men and women who ten months since did not know of her existence. She perceives the value of it all—and there is some value—and she takes it for every thing it is worth—for opportunity to be present at fine pageants, to have the power to know the many, to find the few, to hear and to see whatever is worth hearing or seeing. So Hope enjoys herself. Her enjoyment is of a vastly amusing kind; sometimes a little bitterness creeps in. But though she realizes the world she does not think so very badly of it generally.

"It is natural for people to go where there are fine rooms full of fine things: is it unnatural that they should think the occupants or the owners of them finer people than in different surroundings? I don't find fault with this, Aunt Mary; but I wonder whether, if I lost all this wealth, there are half a dozen persons who have become fond enough of me through these surroundings to seek me in the little house we left?" And Hope would give a faint sigh as she concluded.

Hope had been prophetic of herself in declaring that she should be called beautiful in the gay shining of her wealth, and the power of adornment it gave her. Most persons, men especially, did not see what subtle taste brought such effects of color and outline. They looked, and saw, through soft surroundings of lace and silk and harmonious tints, a fair face that looked fairer and fresher for the surroundings; a form that somehow expressed itself by contours and motions in such graceful ways that they exclaimed at once, "What a beautiful woman!" There was one at least—George Dane—who understood, but, understanding, only admired the more. He was one of the many whom fortune and fashion brought to her door; for Hope was herself the fashion. An attractive young woman with an almost unlimited income, how could this help being the case? But George Dane was not one of Hope's many adorers. He was one of the few interesting people whom she welcomed for their geniality or agreeability. George was not exactly of the former class; he was scarcely genial, with his half satiric unbeliefs, his philosophic cynicism; but he was certainly agreeable to Hope, with her keen sense of wit and humor, and her insight and experience of life.

Yet now and then as he sat in her parlor, which was one of those rooms in what he had named the "palace of art," as he sat there talking interestedly and interestingly Hope's mind would flit to the small plain room in the little plain house on Martyn Street, and she would wonder if George Dane was one of the few who would follow her there. It was a question she was not anxious to put to the test. This evening as she went through the rooms with that smiling ease he certainly did not follow her or pay her any court. Hope liked this. It was a change. But by-and-by he came up with his cousin Will Ranger.

"I want this boy to know you, Miss Carroll," he said, lightly, but with a certain air that said as well, "You will honor him."

The "boy" bent his graceful young person before the famous Miss Carroll, who liked him none the better for his boyish blush and slight embarrassment, and George Dane turning at the appeal of his hostess, the new acquaintances were left alone together for a few moments. Ranger, fresh from his first parties, and the pretty though uncertain manners of young girls like Ellen Marsh, was taken captive by the soft, subdued graciousness of this maturer woman; whose face was yet tender with its youthful aspect. There are some women and some men who have a way of smiling slowly upon you as you speak and they listen, with an expression that seems to imply that what you say is of the utmost importance to them. This was Hope Carroll's way. Will Ranger, when he gave up his place by her side and received that brilliant, sweet smile, did not wonder any longer "that fellows as fastidious as George Dane, and with as critical a knowledge of the lines of beauty," thought Miss Carroll handsome. Hope knew her power; she had known it long ago when her range was smaller; and she laughed sometimes to see how now it was not only wider range that had been given her, but a newer charm which deepened all her natural ones. Her laugh turned scornful sometimes as this personality of the heiress pushed itself through every thing to her view. Yet with all her insight into human action, her knowledge of the world, it was not in the nature of things for Hope to be unhappy. On the contrary, she enjoyed herself vastly.

"Hope, how you play with life!" one day said an old friend; an old, old friend of the little house on Martyn Street.

"Well, I worked with it for a long time; give me my play-days without grudging," answered Hope, merrily, yet meaning earnestly. It was a day after this night of Mrs. Grey's, and George Dane was present with Will Ranger and Selwyn Grant. People whispered that Miss Carroll had a secret liking for this Grant—that some time she might take his name. Watch him as he leans there against the bronze shaft that holds that charming Faun. He is handsome, but that isn't the best of him. There is a certain repose about him which is strength and sweetness. To look long into the gray-blue of his clear eyes would be to believe in every expression that he gave of himself. How different from the satiric play of George Dane's dark, inscrutable face!

Into Selwyn's clear eyes comes a fresh light as Hope answers the carping friend with her frank confession of those working-days.

"Mrs. Lee"—to the "friend"—"does Miss Carroll play with life when she goes down into those crooked alleys by the mills?"

Mrs. Lee looked surprised, questioning. Selwyn answered it, nodding his head with the words, so in earnest was he:

"She does. The back windows of my office overlook Mill Street."

Mrs. Lee now looked as if she would like to have asked Hope's pardon; but Hope, with flushing cheeks, was busy over the music-stand, and asking young Ranger to help her—young Ranger, who flashed adoring glances at her upon this revelation. Hope's eyes turned away as she caught them; she half smiled too; but flushed deeper as Selwyn's eyes met her in the turning. Only George Dane seemed unstirred by this revelation. In fact George appeared a little bored. He whistled softly an opera air, tapping lightly a tattoo accompaniment upon the arm of his chair, and rose very soon to make his adieux. He stood on the threshold a moment, hat in hand, which he waved with a playful sort of exaggeration as he turned away, saying, "Farewell, sweet saint!" There was a flitting smile upon his thin, darkly fringed lips, and Hope thought a tone of mockery in his voice. This wasn't agreeable. George Dane's satiric sense was very amusing when it touched upon impersonal topics; but against herself—?

III.

The winter had gone, summer had come, and Hope at the sea-shore dispensed hospitalities in the loveliest of cottages. Of the many she had chosen her few—her most intimate. There was a girl-friend, a widowed cousin whom she liked, Selwyn Grant, and young Ranger. She had asked George Dane, but George had said to her:

"Hope, I'm a cross-grained fellow, I suppose, but I hate to visit; it seems to me to take away some of my right to *be* cross-grained, so I prefer my hotel. When I get away from my office I shall run down to your neighborhood for a week or so: you'll see enough of me then."

All summer Hope staid there, nor ever wished to go elsewhere, nor ever wished to change her company. Once, when after a few weeks there were signs of flitting in her guests, Hope implored them to stay. "Why will you force me to change my household?" she said. "Now, when we havc all become so nicely fitted to each other, you go and break it up for a doubtful uncertainty." Her cordial philosophy settled the matter. They staid.

At the latter part of the summer George Dane came down and dropped in upon them one evening, darker, thinner, more saturnine than ever in his cool white linen garments—offering a marked contrast to Selwyn Grant's frank, fair countenance, and Will Ranger's happy boyish health. But they all welcomed him cordially.

"You ought to have been here before, Dane," Selwyn said to him. "You've lost all these golden weeks burrowing in the city."

"Yes, I dare say; but I don't suddenly take out a lease of independence when summer comes," answered George, with a grim smile. "I've been rather entertained, however—been ferreting out a knotty case that has hung over two sessions already;" and George's grimness relaxed into the keen, triumphant look of the counselor. Selwyn, who observed, and listened, and admired this keen fellow, offered another contrast to him at this point. Selwyn Grant was a man of leisure; not an idle man. With abundant means, his refined intellect, his warm sympathies, his health of mind and body, all saved him from idleness. But George Dane, as he had said of himself, had taken out no lease of independence. By temper or fortune George was not a man of leisure. Yet he worked at his profession as if he loved it sometimes—alert, eager, and high-tensioned. It gave him a handsome yield, wherewith he lived handsomely, when, to use Grant's words, "he was not burrowing in the city."

While gossip accorded Selwyn Grant—who pecuniarily had no need to draw a matrimonial prize—to Miss Carroll, why did it pass by George Dane without a word of suspicion, when he sat at her table and called her intimately "Hope?" Probably because George Dane, now seven-and-thirty, had passed by, in their several seasons, heiress after heiress; had sat at their tables, had been intimate in just that passionless, friendly way of his with one and another, without any of that gallant assiduity, that waiting attendance which distinguishes a suitor; because he could stand by and see them wooed and won; could even applaud the winning, too—it had come to be understood that George Dane was no fortune-hunter in that way. That he was, in fact, too cold and ambitious, of too stern a pride to seek any object but professional distinction. Thus it comes to pass that he has long talks with Hope, discussions of books or thought when they are in a manner intimate and confidential; yet that he can sit there just outside the window those summer nights, abstractedly smoking, while Selwyn Grant within—the handsome, manly fellow—goes on with his wooing. At the end of the chapter, perhaps, you may expect to see George Dane applaud.

It was on a morning after one of these nights that George was met by this announcement—not what he had expected—"George, I have decided to spend the coming winter in Rome."

"Um—who goes with you?"

"Aunt Mary, of course, and *we* go in company with the Fannings."

"You don't say so?"

George looked more surprise than he usually allowed himself to express. Hope colored a little at the quick words and the look. She must have understood his surprise. He said no more however about it, and she confided to him all the winter plans. She seemed in high spirits, full of anticipation, and George rode away after their conference, saying to himself,

"I dare say Grant is going too."

Hope went, but Selwyn Grant did not join the party that sailed with her; neither did he go to meet it.

The winter passed, spring came, summer again; it was full a year before Hope returned. A year older, yet Hope bore the burden bravely. Her face was fresh and fair in healthful coloring, her eyes full of sparkle, her figure round yet lithe.

"Hope, have you found the fountain of youth or the philosopher's stone?" asked George Dane of her the day he called after her return.

Hope lifted her eyebrows with a merry sort of affectation she was fond of assuming sometimes.

"Why?"

He made a grimace.

"As if you didn't know that you bloom fairer than ever after a year's wandering."

She laughed.

"I am like the aloe, you know, I bloom late."

"I know that you have had cares, for you have told me so; but there isn't a print of them on your face. How does it happen?"

She grew serious. "Partly temperament, I suppose, which in its elasticity throws off much—the print at least; and then you have only known me since life was easier to me, through this fortune that my uncle left me. I was not unhappy then, when I lived in the little house on Martyn Street alone with Aunt Mary. It was a pleasant home, and I enjoyed my reading, my friends, or any amusement, with great zest after my work was over for the day. Hope and Fancy were always building for me very fair and stately edifices of happiness, and my days seemed going on almost pleasurably, sometimes. But my skeleton was only hidden even then. It was one abiding care for the future. I knew that I had no nearer relative than Aunt Mary; her I loved as a mother, for she had been that to me, and I used to think with vague trouble of what would happen to us if some ill should come to me—if I could not work as I did. Ah, does any *man* know what this shadow of possible want is, that hangs over the heads of so many women, gently nurtured as we were: women poor and proud, who can look to no one for home comforts and cares! Over my head always hung this shadow. It used to blot out all the sunshine in my castles sometimes ....I think if you had known me then you might possibly have seen the shadow once in a while breaking through upon my face," she concluded, in a low tone.

"I am glad I don't see it there now, Hope."

"Yes: do you know I never wake now without that consciousness for a first thought, that the shadow of that care is gone. Ah, I thank Heaven for it, it is such blessed relief."

Her companion was leaning slightly forward, his arm resting upon his knee; a usual attitude when deeply interested. As she paused he asked a question, whose pointedness was softened by the simple, friendly tone:

"Hope, why haven't you married?"

It was abrupt, but it seemed neither too free nor in any way intrusive to Hope, who knew that he was thinking of her peculiarly isolated lot, with no nearer tie than Aunt Mary. She colored a little, however, very faintly, just evincing the blush of her womanliness, but her voice was as steady and quiet when she spoke in reply.

"I suppose I haven't had my heart touched deeply enough, or because *I* have not touched any body's heart deeply enough. Then I think I am wanting in faith. I have seen too much into human nature, perhaps, and yet— Well I am not, it seems to me, one of those who have an ideal; but I have not met the man whom it appears to me is enough in unison with me to make it safe for him to marry me. I have one bit of romantic sentiment, perhaps;" and she colored more ardently, "I wish to be loved for *myself*. You will not think this arrogant, you understand—"

He broke in:

"Yes, I understand. You *have* little faith; it is no wonder: but there was a fine fellow, last year, Hope, whom you couldn't doubt. There were fifty men whom you knew, whose consideration for various reasons went beyond yourself, though you attracted to your fortune. We will allow this to be natural to those fifty; but you found one who offered a broad contrast. He stood out nobly, one against the fifty. There was no earthly reason of any kind why you should doubt him."

The calm, kindly interest that was displayed in this still closer questioning, and the confidence and sympathy that existed between these two, hindered the questioning from the least approach to inquisitiveness. His tone and manner both implied too strongly for any such suspicion, solicitude for her welfare, and a fear that she was making some mistake with her life. He waited, still regarding her earnestly, after he had spoken those last words:

"There was no earthly reason of any kind why you should doubt him."

Her eyes were cast down as he said them. For a moment she kept silence, then, still looking down, her color deepening very much, she answered, lowly:

"I doubted myself."

He knew pretty nearly what she meant, and by-and-by he said,

"Hope, perhaps I should not have questioned you thus, but I have seen all along what your fear has been—that you might be wooed for your fortune." He rose up to go, held out his hand, and for the last words: "Don't let it fetter you, this fear, Hope; you ought to be happy. Good-by."

She stood for some minutes just where he had left her, looking out upon the rich glories of the autumn landscape with an expression of mortification gathering upon her face. These last words had struck her deeply. What, was this vague fear rendering her suspicious; and did he think after all that she had not dealt fairly with herself in regard to Selwyn Grant? She sat down there by the deep window, and gazing out upon the wide, bright street, held inward communion with herself. She liked the woof of which her life was wrought at the present time; it was all fair and splendid; but in the future had she no dream of closer companionship? Only she and Aunt Mary in the world. Some day Aunt Mary would leave her, and some day her youth would be gone. She started, for here went riding past a brave and loyal gentleman, one whom she had not seen since last year—Selwyn Grant. He lifted his hat, bowing low, and there was a sudden flush upon his cheek at sight of her. For a moment her pulse beat quicker, and her color came flushing like his. You would have said at once there were the signs of love; that, like the lady of Shalott, she had seen Sir Launcelot,

"As he rode down to Camelot."

But no, Hope knew better than any one that this was not her Sir Launcelot. And why not? Hope herself asks herself this question. "He pleases my taste, he stirs my imagination; I admire him; I know him to be kind, and manly, and honorable; and I know *that he liked me for myself*; why is it, then, that he does not fill my heart?"

IV.

HOPE sat at a great feast. She was queen of it, and wore the identical purple of her fancy-feast—that soft, cool lilac purple that evening light does not destroy. How it had all come true this dreaming of her youth! She thought of it, and smiled as she sat for a moment a little apart, catching the sound of the music and the white flying feet of the dancers; hearing through all the murmurous hum of many guests, whose festive array in the richly decorated rooms under the blaze of the chandeliers made a brilliant pageant. Hope smiled, and rising, stood again in the very midst of the throng, her gracious presence carrying a charm wherever she moved. At last she comes upon a group eagerly discussing some bit of news or gay gossip. She hears as she approaches the voice of Will Ranger:

"She will know if any body, she is his most intimate friend. I'll ask her. Miss Carroll"—he had come to meet her, and the group closed in leaving them outside.

"What is it I am to know if any body, and to tell you if I know, Mr. Raynor?" and Hope smiled in such a fascinating way upon the young man that he well-nigh forgot his purpose. He stooped to pick up a glove she had dropped, pressing it to his lips in the action—the foolish, honest boy—and then remembered to say, while Hope was still smiling, in a sort of indulgent amusement:

"About George Dane. He is my cousin, but I never know any thing of him. It's about this rumor of his engagement. *Is* he engaged to Miss Wharton of Washington, do you think? Ellen Marsh says she knows it to be so. Ellen was in Washington all last winter."

George Dane just then entering, and looking round him for his hostess that he might pay the courtesies of the evening to her, suddenly catches her glance across the intervening sea of faces. Will Ranger, who stood beside her and listened to her commonplace denial of knowledge concerning the matter of the rumor, heard nothing, saw nothing in her tone or expression as she answered him that struck him as unlike her ordinary demeanor; but what was it, what mute appeal or question did George Dane catch with that glance of her eyes? Once before he remembered to have seen that look in her face. It was on a day when some one hastily brought her tidings she thought then to be true—that Aunt Mary had been thrown from a carriage! He had never forgotten that look—it flashed over him now. What had happened? His quick eye perceived Will Ranger talking in his usual style to her, and he knew him to be unconscious. As swiftly as he might he made his way to her. Will Ranger had vanished at his approach, and as he took her hand he looked inquiringly at her.

"What is it, Hope—what has happened?"

Gradually, as he watched her in his onward progress toward her, he had seen the bloom and brightness die out of her face; and as he questioned her now, notwithstanding the flush that came to her cheek, she looked desolate. He drew her arm in his, and said, "Come out into the garden."

The long windows were wide open, and the late September night had the balmy breath of summer.

Hope, her arm in his, followed his guidance with a vague unresistance; and as she went, every moment, through a certain sense of exterior confusion, she was becoming conscious of the state of her heart. She began to see that her life, enriched by such steady friendship, had never missed any thing; but at a blow this citadel was vanishing. Her whole life seemed threatened. If George Dane had been other than what he was, other than the constant, unimpassioned, almost ungallant friend, she would have sooner discovered her heart. He led her out into the garden into a sheltered pleasaunce, and then again asked her:

"What is it—what has happened, Hope? I saw it in your face the instant I caught your glance?"

His cool, only kind friendliness aroused her pride, struck, too, a cold chill upon her. She recoiled inwardly; outwardly her manner was calm enough, though she answered hurriedly to his question:

"Nothing has happened. Will Ranger was asking—telling me something, and—I had just heard some news that startled me."

She had bungled at her answer, that she felt at once; in trying to remedy it she had made it worse. George Dane kept silence for a little space; then, as if he had waited for her to speak further if she had been disposed, and was relieved to find it a matter of small importance, he began telling her something that was then interesting him. In the midst of it Will Ranger came in sight with Ellen Marsh. As they passed in the pleasaunce suddenly George Dane stopped to say:

"Will, what marvelous story were you amazing Miss Carroll with when I came in?"

It was a mere impulse, unreasoning, half mischievous, that prompted this, for George Dane was too much of a gentleman to wish to intrude into any thing seriously kept secret. To him the matter had settled into a trifle. Will Ranger laughed.

"I asked Miss Carroll to tell me something about a bit of news I had heard. We thought she'd know," he answered.

Ellen Marsh took up this answer with her gay bantering words, which revealed the whole. George gave a satirical, indefinite reply, and turned abruptly away with his companion. Hope's heart died within her; a glance at his face—his face which never turned to her now—and she knew that he had her secret. Without a word he kept on, not toward the house, but in the path away from it. Where was he going? For her life she could not have spoken; and still holding her arm firmly against himself, he kept on.

On the grounds was a little pavilion where she sometimes passed the hours she desired to be uninterrupted. It was simply furnished, the door easily opened by one who understood its hidden bolt. George Dane had made many a visit to this little hermitage; its hidden bolt was well known to him. Into this retreat, then, he now surprised Hope by turning. He wheeled a chair for her by the moonlight-flooded window, and himself remained standing, leaning, facing her, against the casement.

"Sit," he said, abruptly, "and let me speak to you." Still unresisting, she obeyed him. "Hope, I have a confession to make to you."

Hope felt as if the soft south wind was full of taunting, jeering voices.

"In the first days of my acquaintance with you, Hope, I came to the knowledge of one thing—that you were the one woman that I could love. At the same time that I made this discovery I made another—that you would never marry a man whom you were not assured would take you just as readily penniless."

He stopped a moment, his face paled and flushed; then, with a resolute lift of his head, he went on:

"Hope, I loved you. I do not love easily nor lightly. I had lived nearly forty years without finding a woman who could be to me what you were; but for all that, Hope, I would never have taken you penniless with my own income merely the result of my professional work, if I had been assured that you returned my love. Had I been the possessor of an independence apart from this, you would have found me a determined wooer. Hope, do you understand?"

He paused a moment, but she could not speak. He went on: "Life is uncertain. I would not, first of all, put a wife or family into the possible position of poverty which my death would be sure to do. Secondly, I am fastidious about the conditions and circumstances of life. If these conditions and circumstances must be inharmonious to my tastes, I prefer to bear them alone. If there are to be struggles and privations, I prefer to struggle by myself, and to endure without a companion in privation. Perhaps this is very worldly; perhaps I should forget every thing but love and the possession of the loved one; but it is not my nature to lose myself in romance. I can love ardently, enduringly, but I can not lose sight of the fact that we live in an age when all refined social conditions are somewhat imperative for the enjoyment of this love. I am not pleading my cause, the cause of a suitor, Hope, when I say all this to you. I say it because I consider it your due. Knowing what I do of your prejudice—and I do not blame you for it—I am much too proud to offend you by offering myself as a suitor."

As he ceased he passed his handkerchief across his forehead, as men do when under some emotion or excitement which blurs the eyes and beads the brow. Then he turned toward the door with the words:

"Shall we return to the house?"

Already he was holding the door open, was waiting for her to pass; and she sat there motionless, thrilling under his words. Thinking—"This man who plainly tells me that he would never marry me if I were penniless is the man that I love. He is a different man from him of last year—from Selwyn Grant. He is worldly and ambitious and prudent. The other had some of the heroic elements. He would have dared any thing, borne any thing for my love; but he did not fill my heart. I knew all this—I know it now. That other is the very ideal of a lover, but I do not love him. I love this man who stands unasking here before me. *He* fills my heart."

Something like this it was which flashed through her mind; and as he stood waiting she spoke his name.

"George."

He started at the accents of her voice, they held so much in their low sweetness. Then she put out her hand.

"George, come back. We two are only suited to each other; we can-not lose each other. Will you take me now with this very fortune I have made such a bugbear of?"

He took her, holding her closely in his arms; and when he spoke his voice was full of tender vehemence:

"Hope, I take you, loving you so well that the possible misconstructions of the world at my choice do not embitter or deter me. You know that I love you, Hope."

She knew it by the very rest and content that filled all her heart as he spoke. Verily, "we love whom we must."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SAUSAGES.—The editor of a journal was set all aback the other day, when he asked a farmer's wife how she made sausages, and received for answer, "Take your in-'ards, scrape 'em, scald, and stuff 'em."

Sir Watkin Williams Wynne talking to a friend about the antiquity of his family, which he carried up to Noah, was told that he was a mere mushroom of yesterday. "How so, pray?" said the baronet. "Why," continued the other, "when I was in Wales, a pedigree of a particular family was shown to me: it filled five large skins of parchment, and near the middle of it was a note in the margin: *About this time the world was created.*"

A poor woman, who had attended several confirmations, was at length recognized by the bishop. "Pray, have I not seen you here before?" said his lordship. "Yes," replied the woman, "I get me conform'd as often as I can; they tell me it is *good for the rheumatis.*"

It is said to be satisfactorily demonstrated that every time a wife scolds her husband she adds a wrinkle to her face. It is thought the announcement of this fact will have a most salutary effect, especially as it is understood that every time a wife smiles on her husband it will remove one of the old wrinkles!

Lord Chancellor Hardwick's bailiff, having been ordered by his lady to procure a sow of a particular description, came one day into the dining-room when full of company, proclaiming with a burst of joy he could not suppress, "I have been at Royston fair, my lady, and I have got a sow exactly of *your ladyship's size.*"

Lady —— spoke to the butler to be saving of an excellent cask of small beer, and asked him how it might be best preserved? "I know no method so effectual, my lady," replied the butler, "as placing a barrel of *good* ale by it."

A humorous comment on artificial memory was made by a waiter at a hotel where Feinaigle dined, after giving his lecture on artificial memory. A few minutes after the professor left the table the waiter entered, with uplifted hands and eyes, exclaiming, "Well, I protest, the memory man has forgotten his umbrella!"

"The great admirer of Avon's bard," who inquired where the following passage is found, "Is that a † that I C B4 me?" is informed that it may be found in "Macbeth," whose murderous ☞ put a . to 1 Duncan.

In a small party, the subject turning on matrimony, a lady said to her sister, "I wonder, my dear, you have never made a *match*; I think you want the *brimstone*." She replied, "No, not the *brimstone*, only the *spark*."

A coachman, extolling the sagacity of one of his horses, observed, that "if any body was to go for to use him ill, he would *bear malice* like a *Christian*."

Mrs. Hornby, in her entertaining work on Constantinople, gives a strange account of the diet of Turkish babies. She says, "They eat cucumbers and chestnuts, and are nursed at the same time!"

A teetotaler asked Pat, the other day, if ever he saw a teetotaler drunk. "Och!" replied Paddy, with great earnestness, "I've seen many a man drunk, but I couldn't tell whether he was a teetotaler or not."

In a bookseller's catalogue lately appeared the following article: "Memoirs of Charles the First—with a *head capitally executed*."

"Pray, Mr. Abernethy, what is the cure for gout?" asked an indolent and luxurious citizen. "Live upon sixpence a day, and *earn it!*" was the pithy answer.

A great writer has observed that nothing is more difficult than to make presents with judgment. The difficulty is one which never troubles some people in the least. They avoid all questions of propriety by not making presents at all.

On a railway the following notice appears: "Hereafter, when trains moving in an opposite direction are approaching each other on separate lines, conductors and engineers will be required to bring their respective trains to a dead halt before the point of meeting, and be very careful not to proceed till each train has passed the other."

A dyer, in a court of justice, being ordered to hold up his hand, that was all black, "Take off your *glove*, friend," said the judge to him. "Put on your *spectacles*, my lord," answered the dyer.

There was much sound palpable argument in the speech of a country lad to an idler, who boasted his ancient family: "So much the worse for you," said the peasant; "as we plowmen say, '*the older the seed the worse the crop.*'"

A farm was lately advertised in a newspaper, in which all the beauty of the situation, fertility of the soil, and salubrity of the air were detailed in the richest flow of rural description, which was further enhanced with this: N.B. There is not *an attorney* within fifteen miles of the neighborhood.

A girl forced by her parents into a disagreeable match with an old man, whom she detested, when the clergyman came to that part of the service where the bride is asked if she consents to take the bridegroom for her husband, said, with great simplicity, "Oh dear, no, Sir; but you are the first person who has asked *my opinion* about the matter."

"My dear, come in and go to bed," said the wife of a jolly son of Erin, who had just returned from the fair in a decidedly how-come-you-so state. "You must be dreadfully tired, sure, with your long walk of six miles." "Arrah, get away wid yer nonsinse!" said Pat; "it wasn't the *length* of the way at all that fatigued me, 'twas the *breadth* of it!"

If you are insulted in a gentleman's house let the first thing you open be not your own mouth but the door.

"A play upon words," as the school-boy said when he kicked the dictionary up and down the school.

Why is John Bigger's boy larger than his father?—Because he is a *little Bigger*.

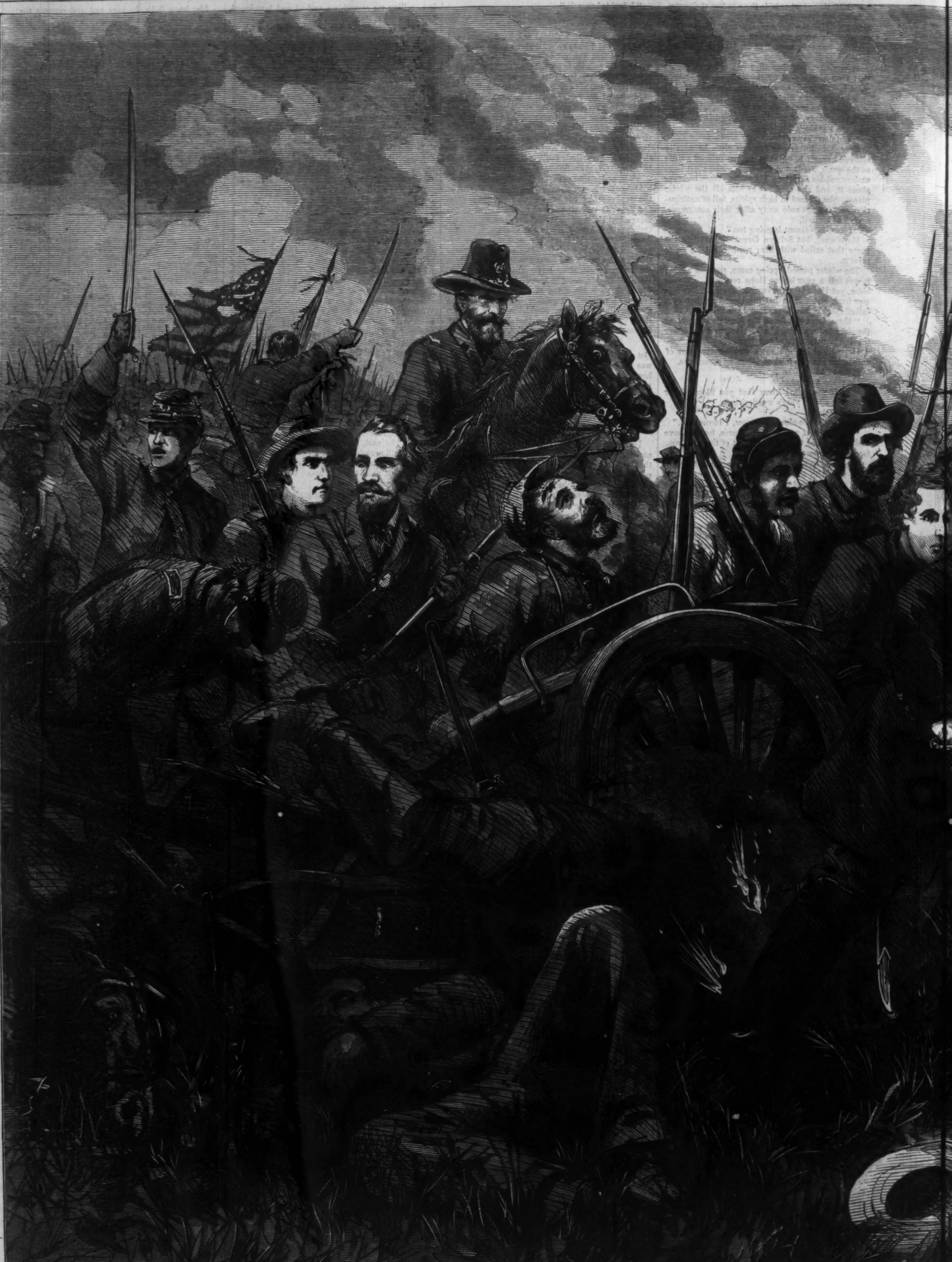
Many persons are now anxiously examining the maps to find the "seat of war." Pubbs says he found it last summer without a map. He discovered it by sitting down upon a wasp's nest in a hay-field.

Persons should always dress to suit their figures. A hump-backed lady, for instance, ought to wear a camel's-hair shawl.

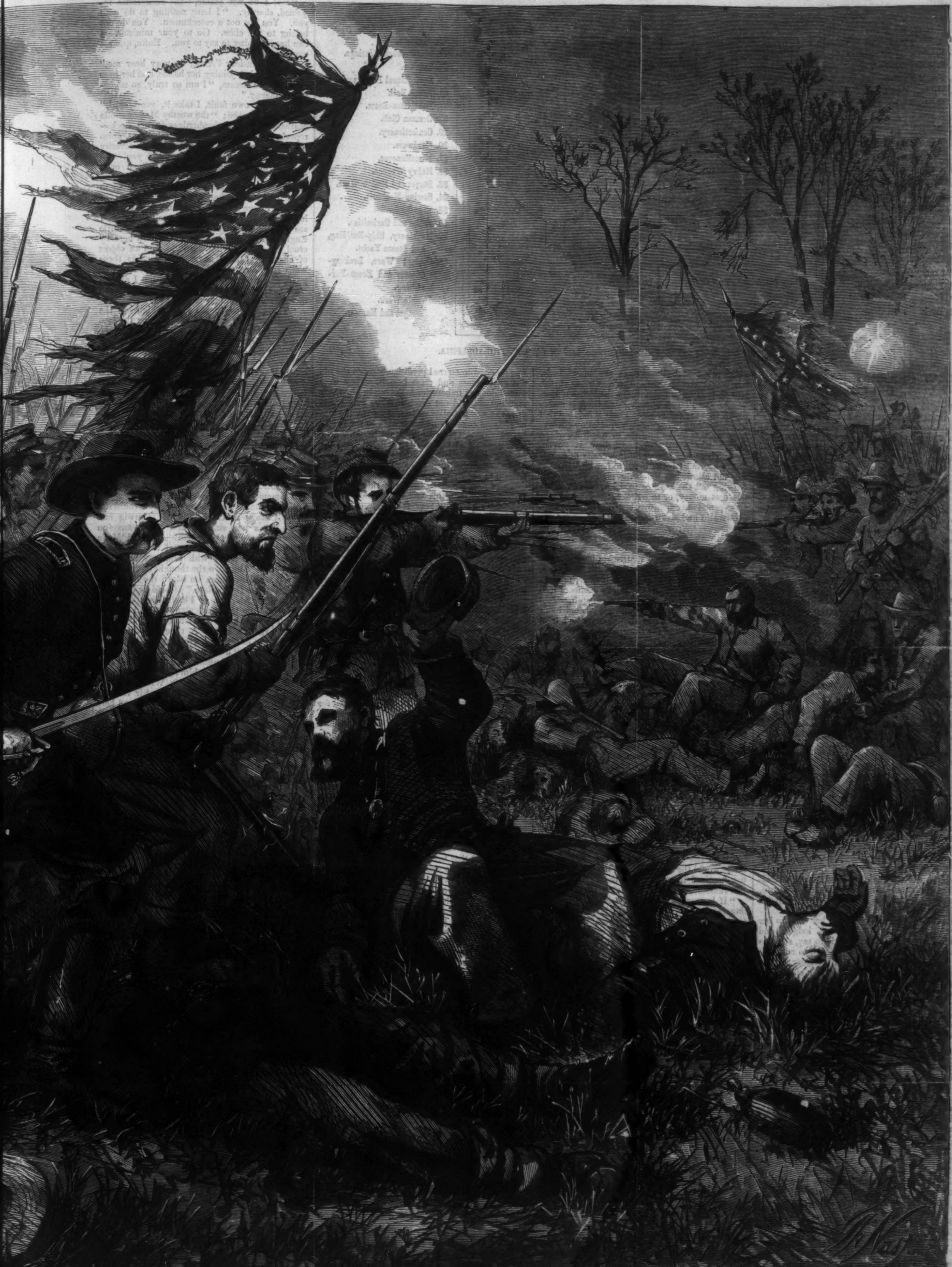
A lady advertises for a gentleman for breakfast and tea. Does she intend to make only two meals of him?

"When are you sure the smugglers have landed a cargo?" demanded a cockney of a custom-house officer. "When I *seize* it," replied the Government punster.

"Mr. Smithers, how can you sleep so? The sun has been up these two hours." "Well, what if he has," said Smithers. "He goes to bed at dark, while I'm up till after midnight."

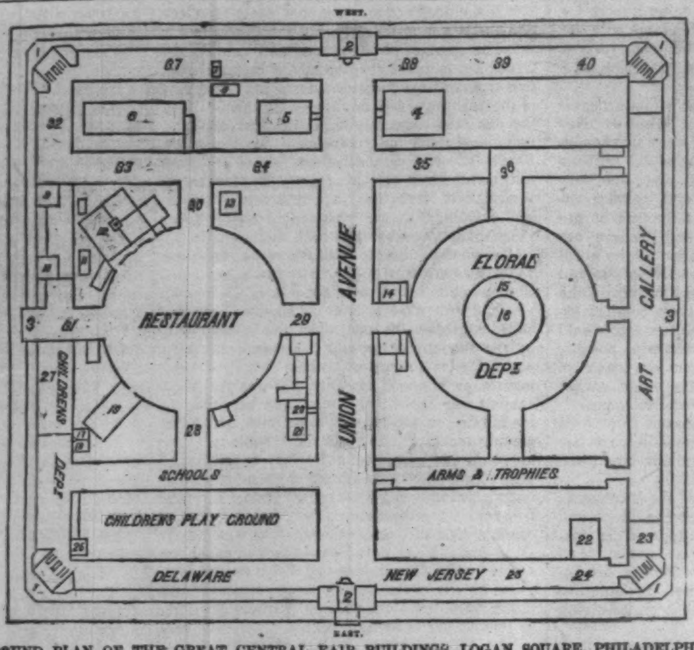


THE CAMPAIGN IN VIRGI



IA—"ON TO RICHMOND!"

1. Entrances.
2. Exits.
3. Private Entrances,
4. Penn's Kitchen.
5. William Penn's Parlor.
6. Children's Dep. Indian Ex.
7. Engine.
8. Boiler.
9. Ladies' Com. Internal Arrangements.
10. Gentlemen's Com. Internal Arrangements.
11. Ice-House.
12. Kitchen.
13. Soda-Water Manufactory.
14. Post-Office.
15. Fish-Pond.
16. Fountain.
17. Skating-Pond.
18. Fishing-Pond.
19. Brewery.
20. Bank.



21. Police.
22. Divan.
23. Water-Color Paintings.
24. Tobacco.
25. Agricultural Implements.
26. Fancy Ball.
27. Exhibition-Room.
28. German Club.
29. Confectionery.
30. Hardware.
31. Miscellaneous.
32. Heavy Wagons.
33. Stoves and Hollow Ware.
34. Sewing-Machines.
35. Dry-Goods.
36. Relics and Curiosities.
37. Machinery, Ship-Building, and Steam Yacht.
38. Cabinet Ware, Looking-Glasses and House-Furnishing.
le Work.
iages and Harness.

GROUND PLAN OF THE GREAT CENTRAL FAIR BUILDINGS, LOGAN SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA.

GREAT CENTRAL FAIR, PHILADELPHIA.

WE give on this page the GROUND PLAN of the Great Central Fair Buildings in Logan Square, Philadelphia—of which we gave a picture last week—with a key explaining the location of the various departments. The arrangement of the buildings is as admirable as it is complete, and contemplates, it will be observed, even a greater variety in the features of the Exhibition than attached to the Metropolitan Fair in this city. The Floral Department will no doubt be especially attractive, since all Nature can now be drawn upon to contribute to the display. One of the finest features of the floral show is a fountain which occupies the centre, which is numbered 16 in the diagram. A huge circular sheet of water is made to fall umbrella-fashion from a considerable height; beneath this is a circle of gas-jets, which are intended to shine through the descending water, and thus form a globe of liquid fire. The effect is described as exceedingly beautiful. The WILLIAM PENN Parlor will be furnished as nearly as possible like the Quaker parlors of the early days of the colony.

We are indebted for our views of this Fair to the kindness of Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS, the well-known publisher. Mr. CHILDS is Chairman of the Publishing Committee, and has given himself with patriotic energy and enthusiasm to the work of promoting, in every way possible, the success of this grand charity of the Quaker City.

QUITE ALONE.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XXVII.

AN ABBÉ.

LILY went into the cabinet of Mademoiselle Marcassin a young lady pupil at a boarding-school. The social status was not a very dignified one; but, at all events, it was something. The profound gentlemen who compile the census-tables would have thought Lily worthy to be registered as a single item in the educational schedule. She entered the cabinet a school-girl. She came out of it a hybrid creature, something between a servant-of-all-work and a galley-slave.

Mademoiselle Marcassin kept her word to her after a fashion. Lily was fed, lodged, and clothed after a fashion; that is to say, she was privileged, after the pupils had fed, to consume the scraps of their repast—her refectory not being the common dining-room, but a side-place, half pantry, half store-room, where not only the copy-books, slates, drawing materials, and such like, required by the young ladies, were kept in stock, but likewise sacks of lentils and haricot-beans, and large jars full of the peculiarly nasty stewed pears which were unchangeably served at the conclusion of the principal meal under the generic title of "dessert."

She was lodged, but not in any of the dormitories. She had a room to herself (a hole rather) in the roof, where she had a mattress on the floor, and a ewer and basin on a rush-bottomed chair. The Marcassin was too rigorously just to suffer her to share in the sleeping accommodation provided for pupils who paid; the Marcassin was too kind, after a fashion, to degrade her by forcing her to associate with the other servants. She was clothed too, was Lily, after a fashion. Cast-off garments, mostly of the rag-and-tatter description, were flung to her from time to time, to be mended and cobbled together, when her own rags gave signs of dropping off piecemeal.

She was permitted to pursue her studies after a fashion. When there was no particular slavery in hand she was suffered to sit in the class and listen to the lessons. Neither bad marks nor good marks were given her. She was beyond these. If she alone of a class could answer a question, she was not privileged to take her competitors up. She remained, for good or evil, at the bottom.

She helped about the house. She cleaned knives sometimes. She combed the younger children's hair. Sometimes she made beds. She never scrubbed—for the scrubbing-brush was an institution unknown to the Pension Marcassin. In French housekeeping there is a tradition that dry polishing is a holy thing, but that hot-water does harm. Lily's special task-work, however, was in the lingerie, or wardrobe of the school. She passed many hours there every evening. There was always an immensity of mending to do, and most of it fell to her lot. As she was not allowed to touch the piano, for fear of wearing out the keys, or to draw, because crayons cost money, or to write, because paper and slate-pencil are expensive, her fingers might have grown stiff and awkward but for the compulsory lissomness they acquired in that everlasting needle-work. She grew to possess astonishing dexterity as a seamstress.

Once a year all the mattresses in the establishment were ripped up, the wool taken out, and, compressed into cakes as it generally was by continuous pressure, carded, by means of iron teeth set in wooden slabs, into fresh stuff. Two prodigious old women, hoarse voiced and hairy chinned, who looked as though they had been horse-grenadiers in the Imperial Guard who had taken to petticoats in their old age, used to come to card those mattresses. They were paid two francs a day and their keep. Lily was permitted to help them. The dust and flocculent particles of the wool half choked her, but she carded as well as she could. One of the old women used to bring a stone flask full of corn brandy with her, from which she frequently gurgled into her old mouth what she called "la goutte du bon Dieu." The other would persist in smoking a short pipe in the intervals of labor, much to the disgust of the Marcassin; but the old woman worked cheaply and expeditiously, and so was not denied her narcotic. Lily was dreadfully afraid of both of them. They spat and swore, and were like men.

"I remember," would one of these woolly Chevaliers d'Eon say—"I remember, La Mère Boustifaille, when the little King of Rome used to be wheeled about the Tuileries Gardens in a little carriage drawn by two Astracan sheep.

"And the Duke of Bordeaux, Ma'me Plumet," would the other say. "Diantre! was he not baptized in water from the Jordan? Do you remember the Terror, Ma'me Plumet?"

"If I remember it? Imbecile! Was I not dancing at the Opera when Messieurs of the Committee sent for me to be one of the nymphs that marched by the side of the car of the Goddess of Reason? Ah! yes, I have not had bad chances in my time;" and this she said with a horrible leer at Lily. "I have had cashmeres and diamonds in my time. But I have had misfortunes. It has all been through my devotion to the Emperor. That accursed minister of police would not give me a bureau de tabac because of my sympathies. When I asked for a box-opener's place at the Funambules they told me that I was a Bonapartist. Why not call me a sorceress at once? And now I am come to carding mattresses at forty sous a day, and my soup. Bah!" And the old woman would expectorate and take another pull at the "goutte du bon Dieu."

They called Lily "c'te jeunesse," and laughed at the clumsy way in which she carded. One of them, La Mère Boustifaille, talked to her one day—it was in her second year of carding—of her beauty, and asked her why she buried herself in that place when she might have cashmeres and diamonds? Lily shuddered as she heard, without comprehending, the hag. Her ears burned, but her lips were cold. Of all the bad people in this bad world there is nothing, I apprehend, worse than a bad old Frenchwoman.

Lily Floris—"c'te jeunesse," "la petite Anglaise," or the "fille de classe Pauline," as she was indifferently called—was fifteen, and shapely and fair. She thanked God every night in the simple English prayers which had been taught her by Barbara Bunnycastle that she did not hate any one. She prayed for strength to continue obedient, industrious, and uncomplaining. But hers was a hard time, a very hard time.

To the rest of the school-girls, in the days when they condescended to converse with her, she had been a heretic. They told her that she was doomed to eternal perdition because she did not go to mass and cross herself. They were incredulous as to heretics believing in any thing save Satan—and not much in him. As a heretic, she was not allowed to accompany the other girls on Sundays and fête days to the neighboring church of St. Philippe du Roule. As a heretic, she was necessarily excluded from the periodical catechisings, admonitions, and exhortations which took place prior to the yearly festival of the First Communion.

There were generally twenty or thirty girls every spring to take this first communion. They looked inexpressibly peaceful, innocent, beautiful, in their white frocks and veils, their snowy wreaths and spotless gloves, their little white silk stockings and shoes, their bouquets of white flowers. Lily used to look after them with longing eyes as they filed through the play-ground on their way to the entrance-gate. She was sorry that she was a heretic; but was she one, and, if so, was it her fault?

She thought, one day, that she would ask the Abbé Chatain. He was "directeur" of the establishment. He catechised the young ladies, and confessed them, and generally prepared them for the first communion. He was a tall, lean ecclesiastic, with a bronzed visage, very high cheek-bones, a square jaw, broken teeth, somewhat jaundiced eyes, and iron-gray hair. In his long black soutane, black rabat with white cambric edging, heavy shoes with buckles, flapped hat, and portentous umbrella, he had seemed for years to Lily an awful and forbidding personage. He took a great deal of snuff too, and when he blew his long, bassoon-shaped nose with a blue cotton handkerchief the sound was awful. He had a manner of breathing hard, too, when he spoke, and of screwing up his eyes, and clattering his jagged teeth, the reverse of encouraging. Yet the girls said that the Abbé Chatain was amiable, and forbore to visit the little peccadilloes they acknowledged in confession with any unusually disagreeable penances.

It was a long time before Lily could make up her mind to speak to the abbé. As a heretic, the ecclesiastic kept aloof from her; and she, too, dreaded that her addressing him might be an act open to misconstruction.

One day, however—it was during the August holidays, and the abbé had called to pay a visit of politeness to the Marcassin, who, being indisposed, could not receive him—Lily clothed herself in the full armor of a desperate resolve, and sought him out. The worthy ecclesiastic was pacing up and down the play-ground, snuffing and waving the blue cotton pocket-handkerchief in a contemplative manner, as usual. One flap of the skirt of his cassock was drawn up, displaying a not unsymmetrical calf, and in this traditional clerical coquetry it may be that the artful arrangement of books and strings, known as "ladies' pages," originated.

Lily stole up to the clergyman, and was about to address him. To her dismay he suddenly produced a book from his pocket. "Alas!" she thought, "the abbé is going to say his breviary, and he will be walking up and down the play-ground for at least twenty minutes without my daring to speak to him, and then, perhaps, Madame, who is lying down, will awake, and the abbé will be called in, and my chance will be gone forever."

To her relief, however, the book was not a breviary. It was doubtless a devout work, but not of so strictly canonical a nature. Indeed, the doctrine it contained seemed not only of a comforting, but of an exhilarating order; for the abbé, wagging his head approvingly, and following the text with an appreciating forefinger, would ever and anon emit a gleeful chuckle. It was a merry book, and the abbé was no sour ascetic.

"He is a droll of a farceur," murmured the abbé, "this Monsieur de Béranger, although he has written some bitter things against the reverend fathers the Jesuits! What do you want, young girl?" he added, suddenly, and throwing, accidentally of course, the hand which held the book behind him, but still keeping the page open with appreciative forefinger.

"If you please, Monsieur l'Abbé—" poor Lily began.

"But I do not please," the ecclesiastic rejoined, sharply. "I have nothing to do with you. You are not a catechumen. You do not belong to my class. Go to your minister. I can have nothing to say to you. Enfin, que me voulez-vous."

"Oh! Monsieur l'Abbé, do pray hear me," the girl pleaded, joining her hands, and her eyes beginning to stream, "I am so truly, so miserably unhappy."

"By your own fault, I take it, young girl," remarked the abbé; "the worthy Mademoiselle Marcassin—a true shepherdess to her flock—reports you as being obstinate, rebellious, opinionated, recalcitrant. Kindness and severity have been tried, and both in vain, to you. Go to your minister—are you an Anglican or a Puritan?—and demand of him what prayers and penitence you should resort to, in order to enter into a better frame of mind."

"But I have no minister," cried Lily, despairingly; "I have no friends, I have no home. I am quite alone in the world. I am a poor little English girl, left, abandoned, deserted here by cruel strangers. I am destitute, and an object of charity. I have never been outside these walls for seven years. I strive my best to be good, and to learn, and to work, but I am always punished and made miserable. Oh! I am most wretched and helpless."

"Tiens," muttered the abbé, taking out the blue cotton handkerchief and wringing the bassoon nose, but without the bassonic sonorousness, "this has the appearance of being pitiable."

"Oh, Sir; dear, kind Monsieur l'Abbé, if you would only intercede for me; if you would only soften Madame's heart toward me! If I could only be sent back to England, perhaps the good ladies with whom I was at school when a very, very little girl, near London, might know something of my friends."

"It is hardly possible," said the abbé, not unkindly, and shaking his head. "Madame has told me under what circumstances you are here. Perhaps the wicked people who imposed upon her likewise robbed some mistress of a school làbas, down there in England, when you were an infant. Have you no other friends that you can remember, however faintly?"

Lily hesitated for a moment. How could she name Cutwig & Co.? Old Mr. Cutwig had given her a new shilling, and Mr. Ranns (on account of the Co.) a Noah's Ark, and 'Melia a kiss; but this acquaintance of two hours' duration could scarcely with propriety be called friendship. And then she thought of the braided and whiskered man on board the boat, who had given her "joggolate." Could he be called a friend? Alas! no. Finally, her thoughts reverted to the tall gentleman who had been so kind to her at the Greenwich dinner. She had never forgotten him. A thousand times she had thought of him with gratitude and affection. Many and many a time, pining and shivering in her wretched bedchamber, she had asked herself: "Shall I write to him? He told me his name. It was William—Sir William Long. Shall I write a letter to Monsieur Sir William Long, England, and pray him to come and help the poor little girl he was so kind to ever so many years ago? But who would post a letter for me? If it were discovered, I should be sent to the cave for a week. And, besides, he has forgotten me. I only amused him for a moment. He is married and happy." And poor Lily, as she thought this, found herself burning with blushes and choking with tears.

No, she could not give the name of Cutwig & Co., nor of the man with the braid and the beard, and a strange shame and nervousness prevented her naming him whom she yet vaguely believed to be her friend. She told the abbé, with dolorous meekness, that she had no friends, so far as she knew, any where in the world.

"Pauvre petite!" said the Abbé Chatain, taking out the blue cotton handkerchief again. "What, then, can be done for you?" he resumed, after a brief silence.

Lily could tell him that, and eagerly, too. She had been brooding over and elaborating a feeble little scheme for months. "Oh!" she cried, "if Madame would only be kind and merciful to me, she could make me happy, I am sure, at once. It would not be at all difficult. Thanks to the instruction I have received at the Pension—and oh, pray believe that I am very grateful for it—I know enough, I hope, to undertake the duties of a nursery governess, or at least I could be an under teacher in a village school. Or I would work at my needle, or wait at table, or do housework, or any thing, if she would only allow me to leave this dreadful place, and be kind enough not to tell every body that I am wicked and rebellious."

"You are full of romantic ideas," replied the priest, after cogitating for some moments over Lily's audacious proposition; "but we will hope for the best. Go in peace, my child, and do not cry. I myself will speak to Mademoiselle Marcassin on this topic, and we will see what can be done."

He patted Lily gently on the head, and strode away. And the girl returned to her needle-work, and, for the first time since Polly Marygold left the Pension Marcassin, a golden ray brought daylight and hope streaming into her soul.

The abbé was as good as his word. An evening or two afterward, while he was playing his modest game of backgammon with Mademoiselle Marcassin, he took occasion to say, as though inadvertently:

"And the little English girl you have succored and cherished, how goes it with her?"

An evil look came over the countenance of the schoolmistress. "How goes it? As with a viper. Speak to me of the gratitude of those Islanders. I calculate that I have lost by that little crocodile at least five thousand francs, of which I shall never see a red liard. And yet I have been a second mother to her."

It was certainly something in poor Lily's favor that she had been blessed with a second mother, seeing what a remarkably unsatisfactory investment the first one had proved to be. The abbé, however, received Madame's statement with a pinch of salt, as well as with one of snuff. He knew the Marcassin of old, and was acquainted with her aptitude for magnifying her own merits and depreciating those of others: when she would allow them, which was but seldom, to have any merits at all.

"It is a pity," carelessly remarked the abbé, putting the caster to his chin, as was his wont, before he flung the dice, "that you should be burdened with this little eat-all and do-nothing."

"It is more than a pity, it is a shame, a scandal, an enormity, an abomination," Madame indignantly acquiesced. "Figure to yourself, my dear abbé, that this most reprehensible young person of fifteen years of age—well grown, too—devours my substance. She devours the little patrimony which I hope to be able to leave, some day, to my kindred in Touraine. Such a great girl is not to be kept on walnut-peelings."

"That is easy to see," the diplomatic abbé agreed.

"They may keep her who will," the schoolmistress continued, with well-simulated indifference. "I am sick of the charge, and should be enchanted to be relieved from it."

"Would you, then, consent to her departure?"

"Who would pay me my memoirs, if you please?" the Marcassin returned quickly.

"But if you have lost, as you say you have lost by this time, all hopes of payment?"

"That is true," returned Madame, shrugging her shoulders. "As well fish in the canal for whales as expect that I shall ever re-enter into my funds."

"And if you placed this embarrassing young creature in some locality of which you were well assured, and with persons at whose hands you could at any time claim her?"

"That is true; but how to find such a locality and such persons?"

"They must be numerous. Could you not obtain a situation for her in a school, half as pupil teacher, half as fille de peine?"

"She is that already, here; more of one than the other." Mademoiselle did not specify which was the "one" and which the "other."

"And the convent?"

"Impossible. She is a heretic. The government is infidel and Voltairean. We should have complications with the police."

"But you say that she has no papers, no recognized identity."

"I tell you, abbé," exclaimed the Marcassin, "that she has nothing, save the spirit of the Fiend which animates her. She is as friendless as a mountebank's tumbling child, bought for forty sous at a fair, and passed on from one juggler to another."

"Pauvre petite!" murmured the abbé again; but his voice was pitched low.

"Besides," resumed the schoolmistress, "if she went to another school she might chatter—and—"

She stopped, somewhat confused, and, the game being over, hurriedly closed the backgammon-board.

"I understand you," the abbé returned, with a nod. "There is much rivalry in the scholastic profession. One always tries to do one's neighbor—when one's neighbor keeps a school—as much harm as is possible. 'Tis pity, for charity's sake, that it should be so. But suppose, my dear and worthy lady, that I was enabled to find, out of doors, an asylum for this forlorn child—a safe asylum, a respectable asylum, a discreet asylum—whence, from time to time, I should be enabled to bring you news of her, and whence, if the dishonest persons who have defrauded you of your hard-earned money were ever brought back to better sentiments, and showed a wish to make restitution, you could bring her back. Suppose some such scheme to be within my power of putting quickly into execution?"

"Then, my dear abbé, I should say at once, Take her."

"Is that your determination?"

"You have my word for it."

"Then we will adopt measures in accordance. I shall have the honor shortly of communicating with you on the subject. Not another cup of tea, I assure you. I have fears for my head. Well, qualified with this excellent and sanative rhum of the colonies. Have you tasted the Chocolat de Santé, my dear lady? And the Racahout des Arabes? No; you prefer the Pâte Regnault. A thousand wishes for your happiness! We will consider the affair of la petite as arranged. Figure to yourself this Monsieur Véron, who makes one fortune by managing the Opera House—what a scandal—and another by selling cough lozenges. And yet, I am told, a most excellent person, and devoted to the Church. Yes, I will certainly remember to bring the six numbers of the *Gazette de France* when next I have the honor. One might get the little wardrobe of la petite together. She has none, you say. Well, one must be found for her. Charity is not dead, as you, Mademoiselle, have so triumphantly proved. Once more, dear lady, good-night!"

These remarks were not delivered without a solution of continuity. The abbé's valedictory observations were scattered about the room. He had to swallow another cup of the curious fluid which Mademoiselle Marcassin imagined, with many other French ladies of that period, to be tea. He yielded to friendly compulsion, and partook of another modicum of the colonial liqueur. Then he had to find his umbrella and his shovel-hat, and to press Madame's hand, and to bow over it, and to accept some jujubes for his poor cough, and to suffer Madame with her own fair hands—literally fair, but not cruel, to him—to tie a woolen scarf round his neck, as a defense against the night air.

It was all as innocent, I speak without mental reservation, as sheep-shearing in Arcadia. Nothing could come of it. Both were stricken in years. On both the doom of perpetual celibacy weighed: he, enforced to it by vows: she, sentenced to it by circumstances and by temperament. Yet I have heard that the sun shines sometimes at the North Pole; and I believe that a little flirtation is a little flirtation all the world over. Believe me, had the fiend who tempted the good St. Anthony come to him, not in the guise of a ballet-girl, but as a cozy, comfortable spinster of a certain age—a spinster who would have knitted muffatees, and made wine possets, and warmed his slippers, and cut the leaves of his Tablet for him—the hermit would earlier have turned his eyes upward from his tome.

One sigh—one among a thousand frowns—is not many. Mademoiselle Marcassin gave one sigh, and put away the backgammon-board and the rhum of the colonies.

"Pauvre cher homme," sighed the Marcassin; and then she froze up again in one block and proceeded to make her nightly tour of her dormitories, scattering bad marks about her on all the pupils who could be proved to be awake. For wakefulness was considered presumptive evidence of the offender having been indulging in prohibited converse.

"A worthy lady, the Dame Marcassin," the Abbé Chatain mused as he sped homeward. "She errs a little, perhaps, on the side of strictness, but those young persons are difficult, very difficult to manage. I remember at the seminary what trouble I used to give the proviseur and the régisseur, and what stripes of the discipline these shoulders have suffered. Hi! But it must be admitted that Mademoiselle Marcassin is a woman who has a character. Oh! her force of character is immense. And she is conscientious, highly conscientious. We must see whether we can persuade Madame de Kergolay to shelter this poor little shorn lamb."

And the abbé went home to bed. He was a worthy soul—although he did sometimes read Béranger's poems on the sly.

"If he had only been on our side, Monsieur de Béranger," the abbé was wont to say, "what an ally he would have been! What a colossus! But it has always been thus. From the days of M. de Pascal we have never been able to keep the drolls who have wit and humor on our side. And yet we have educated them all in our seminaries. They have bitten the hand that fed them. If M. de Molière now had only written Tartufe against the Huguenots! History of fatality. It is true that we have M. de Chateaubriand—mais il radote—he drivels. That rhum of the colonies was very toothsome. To-morrow is a fat day, and Madame Blaise" (his housekeeper) "has promised me a turkey stuffed with chestnuts. C'est énivrant, that turkey stuffed. A little glass of that rhum of the colonies would make an excellent pousse-café. Ah! here we are at home. Let us enter."

It has been found, not unfrequently, that enforced celibacy leads to a partiality for roast turkey stuffed with chestnuts. Cut a man off from the flesh and he clings to the flesh-pots.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MORE OF THE ABBÉ.

A very few days after the interview recorded in the last chapter the Abbé Chatain had another conversation with Mademoiselle Marcassin. On his departure he met Lily (who had, indeed, tremblingly, but purposely, thrown herself in his way), and, patting her on the head again, told her to be of good cheer, for that a change in her condition was imminent. Lily went that day to her needle-work, and her knife-cleaning, and her bed-making, quite radiant; and at night, nestling in her shabby pallet, she peopled the Imaginary Land with all kinds of benevolent ecclesiastics and philanthropic protectors.

Her deliverance came upon her with delightful suddenness. According to the abbé it might be a week or a fortnight before the arrangements that were being made in her behalf could be carried out; but as her good fortune would have it, the very morning after she had received this hopeful announcement, and as she was sitting, in her usual Cinderella position at the bottom of the class, the Marcassin herself entered the school-room in full state and proclaimed to Mademoiselle Espréménil that Mademoiselle Floris, no longer "la fille Pauline," or "la petite Anglaise," had been "called to other functions."

"Circumstances," the Marcassin took occasion to say, "which did not perhaps imply deliberate culpability on the part of Mademoiselle Floris, had rendered her position one of somewhat a painful nature." Goodness knows it had, and of the painfulest! "Indeed, she might say that her education and sustenance, her very vestments, in fact, had been provided by a person whom it was unnecessary to name." Here the governesses looked admiringly at the Marcassin; the pupils all stared at Lily; and the poor child herself blushed a deep crimson. "However, this equivocal state of affairs had now come to an end. Thanks to the efforts of a worthy clergyman (digne ecclesiastique), an asylum had been found elsewhere for Mademoiselle Floris. In the new sphere to which she was about to be removed she would doubtless preserve a lively recollection of the favors and bounty which had attended her sojourn in the Pension Marcassin."

There were murmurs (rumeurs) of approbation among the scholars; and the head governess remarked, in a low tone:

"If she does not preserve that lively recollection she is a monster of ingratitude."

"The conduct of Mademoiselle Floris," continued her benefactress, "had not been entirely free from matter for animadversion. The veil of the past, however, might now be thrown over the anxieties—she might say the sorrows—she had caused her instructresses. Mademoiselle Floris left that establishment full of the best sentiments; and she, Mademoiselle Marcassin, was glad to recognize that this young person was calculated in every way to do honor to the Pensionnat where she had been sheltered."

The young ladies, most of whom had been for years spectatresses of the daily tasks and punishments inflicted on the scape-goat of the school, and had grown perfectly accustomed to hear her called worthless, insupportable, and incorrigible, by the schoolmistress and her assistants, were not in the least surprised to hear this virtual eulogium pronounced on Lily. It was the Marcassin's way. Nil nisi bonum was her invariable maxim, as applied, not to defunct, but to departing scholars. It was a remarkable fact that no young lady, however refractory or stupid she might have been, ever quitted the academy without a glowing panegyric on her conduct and proficiency. The supreme punishment in the Marcassin's code of pains and penalties was expulsion; but she had only been known to expel one single pupil. The dismission of this culprit took place on the eve of the summer vacation; and it was quite notorious that her parents designed to remove her to another school.

The Abbé Chatain did not come himself as the messenger of Lily's deliverance. The welcome emissary was his housekeeper, Madame Prudence. She was a rosy, apple-cheeked old dame, the best cook, and, moreover, the possessor of the best temper, in the quarter. She loved her abbé very dearly, tended him very assiduously, and scolded him sometimes; but that, like the cunning dishes she cooked for him, was all for his good. Madame Prudence was not an admirer of the Pension Marcassin, nor of its energetic proprietor. She spoke of Madame as "cette Mégère." She alluded pointedly to the governesses as "myrmidons of the tyrant." Her opinion regarding the pupils was that they were oppressed slaves. She had been known to snap her fingers at the entire establishment, in the open playground, and in the light of day. There was an old feud between her and the Marcassin; and she did not, perhaps, altogether approve of ecclesiastics, bound to bachelorhood, being regaled by scholastic spinsters with tea, with backgammon, and with the rhum of the colonies.

The priest's housekeeper, like the schoolmistress, was unmarried; but both were called "Madame," probably from the reason that to a people who had always retained an infinite veneration and deference toward age there seemed something unduly familiar and flighty in the appellation "Mademoiselle." When we were a less civilized, but a better behaved people, we too used to address our spinsters as "Mistress."

On the way from the Pension to her new home—when, to Lily's infinite delight, they traversed on foot the streets of the only city in the world worth living in, with which she had made but ten minutes' acquaintance in the course of seven years—Madame Prudence was pleasantly loquacious, and made no secret of her impression that she had been the immediate means of rescuing Lily from the jaws of a roaring dragon.

"They would have devoured you there, my child," she remarked, patting Lily's arm affectionately as she trotted along by her side. "I know her well, that stiff and starched piece of affected tyranny. Ah! it is I who have given her a bit of my mind. It is not I who am afraid of her. A woman with an ascertained position, quoi!" The last part of these observations Madame Prudence evidently applied to herself; and she as evidently considered the "position" of a priest's housekeeper to be, so far as respectability went, a much better "ascertained" one than that of a schoolmistress.

"And you were very unhappy, eh, my child," she continued, "down in that hole?"

"Oh, dreadfully unhappy!" replied Lily. "Many and many a time I could have wished to die, only I knew the wish to be wicked."

"And no wonder. And they were cruel to you?"

"Madame was certainly very strict—almost harsh; but I dare say I was stupid and disagreeable, and gave her much trouble."

"You? I won't believe it for an instant. M. l'Abbé says that you are a little lamb for meekness and resignation. To me you shall be a little angel. The good Madame de Kergolay, whither you are going, has already made up her mind to treat you like a little kitten. Ah! it is there you will dine well, and when you come to dine with the abbé and me you shall have a taste of *my* cookery; you shall taste la vraie cuisine bourgeoise, my cherished. Are you fond of good dinners?"

"It is so long ago," answered Lily, with a smile, and in involuntary disparagement of the culinary dispensation enjoyed by the inmates of the Pension Marcassin.

"I should think so. *I* know what those crocodiles feed you poor little innocents upon. Haricots, haricots, haricots, all the year round, as if you were mules, and only deserved to be fed upon beans. And the lentils! And the chiccory! I would not mind if they knew how to cook them; but they don't, the Cosaques!" A Cossack was Madame Prudence's synonym for every thing that was mean, base, and cruel. "And the wine, or rather the water blushing at being so villainously adulterated! Ah! the good Madame de Kergolay will make you taste of the good little vintages. You will be as happy as the day is long. You will help Madame at her embroidery, and sing to her, and read to her, and play her to sleep; and then the abbé will play backgammon with you. I shall not be jealous, ma mignonne; and on Sundays and feast-days I will come to you, and we will go to the mass together."

"I am a Protestant," interposed Lily, gently.

"A Protestant! que' q' c'est qu'ça?" quoth Madame Prudence. "Ah! I know—a Huguenot, a dissident. Well, you must read Monseigneur the Bishop of Meaux upon the Reformists. Ah! the great man Bossuet. And then, my faith, you must go to your temple, and hear your minister. Madame de Kergolay seeks to make no proselytes. Many of her kindred are dissidents. I have known a good many honest folks—très gentils même—who were of the Lutheran profession. M. l'Abbé is Gallican and tolerant. That wicked old giraffe, the Marcassin, is ultra-montane, and breathes nothing but sulphur against heretics. She would make a furious grand inquisitor. Voyons! I can't see why Protestants should burn. Le bon Dieu meant nothing to be burned, except candles and wood for the kitchen fire."

Thus sociably chatting, the abbé's housekeeper led Lily through the streets of the only city in the world worth living in. The modest package of clothing which the Marcassin had persuaded herself to part with as the wardrobe of Mademoiselle Floris had been sent on before by a commissionnaire.

PORTER'S GUN-BOATS PASSING THE DAM AT ALEXANDRIA.

We give on the first page an illustration of Admiral Porter's Gun-boats passing the Dam in the Red River at Alexandria. The gun-boats, on falling down the river from Grand Ecore to Alexandria, were arrested in their progress by the shallowness of the water at the "Grand Rapides," just above Alexandria. There being but three or four feet of water a long delay was necessary, the army being obliged to remain at Alexandria to protect the gun-boats. The situation seemed a desperate one, but Colonel Bailey soon found a way of escape. He at once set the men at work in constructing two dams, for the purpose of throwing the water into the middle of the current, thereby causing a sufficient depth of water to carry over the boats. It was a work of great labor, owing to the rapidity of the current and the scarcity of materials; but after twelve or fourteen days it was accomplished, and the fleet saved. Colonel Bailey's skill and energy, in devising and directing the work, have already been recognized by Congress, which has adopted a joint resolution, formally tendering him the thanks of the nation for his invaluable services. He has also received promotion at the hands of the President.

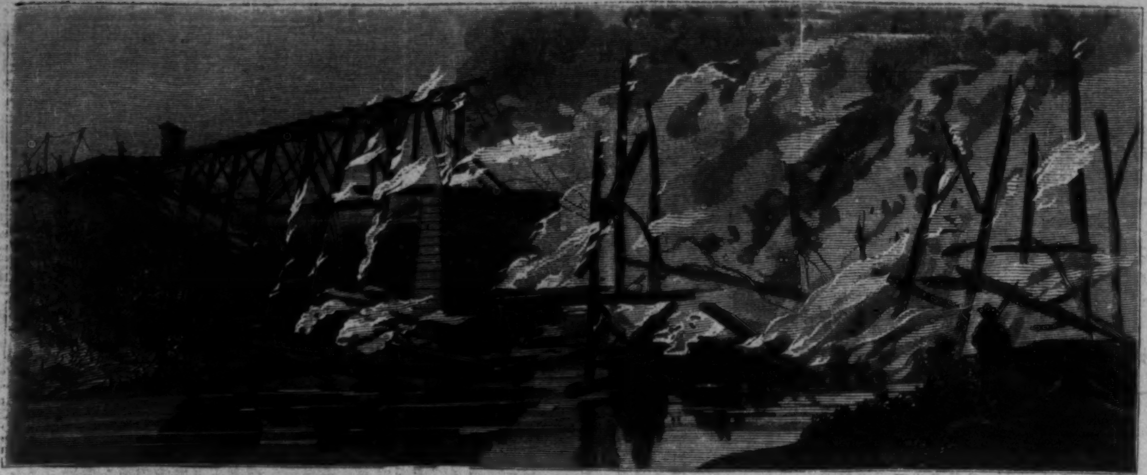
Our sketch was made on the spot by Mr. George Slater.

THE GEORGIA CAMPAIGN.

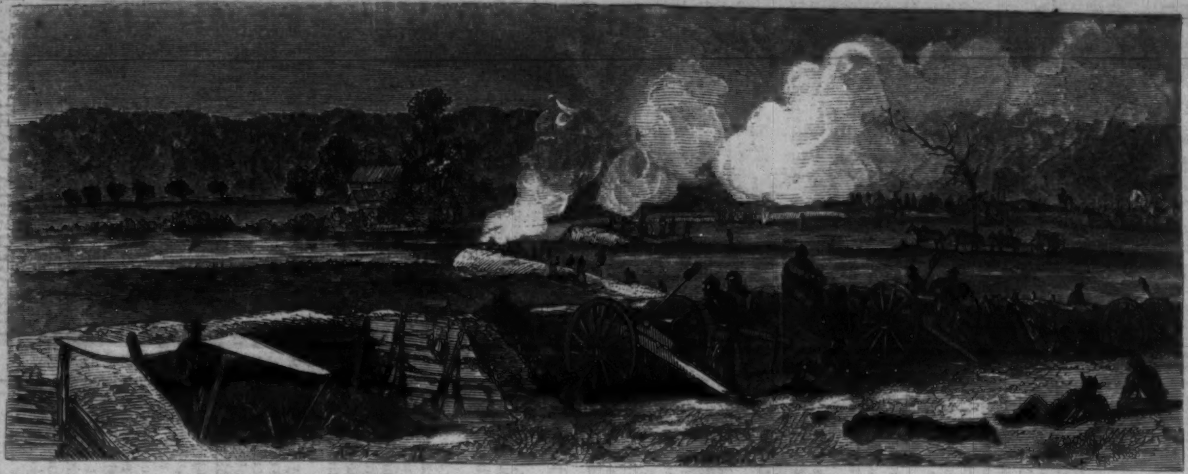
We continue this week our illustrations of General Sherman's magnificent campaign in Georgia. On page 388 we give a sketch of the Battle of Resaca, fought on the 14th ult. The particulars of this engagement were published in the *Weekly* of the 4th instant. The attack upon the rebel works was made by General Giles Smith's brigade of General Morgan's division of Logan's corps on the right, and Wood's brigade of Osterhaus's division on the left. General Smith led his troops on foot, and General Logan was every where present. Experienced army officers who witnessed the engagement represent that the charge of our troops was one of the finest of the war.

On page 389 we present a sketch representing Colonel Robinson's brigade of General Hooker's command saving the Fifth Indiana Battery in the battle at Resaca. Of this occurrence Mr. Davis says: "On the evening of the 14th a portion of General Hooker's corps, who had reached a point on the extreme right, were, at a critical moment, turned upon by the enemy, and driven back to the Fifth Indiana Battery, Captain Simonson, which held a position of great importance. General Hooker, without a moment's delay, ordered Colonel Robinson's brigade of General Williams's division to charge the rebel line, which was almost upon the battery of the gallant Simonson. The brigade immediately advancing, the rebels were forced back and the battery saved. No battery was ever more splendidly fought than that of Captain Simonson; and the conduct of Robinson's brigade was in the highest degree praiseworthy."

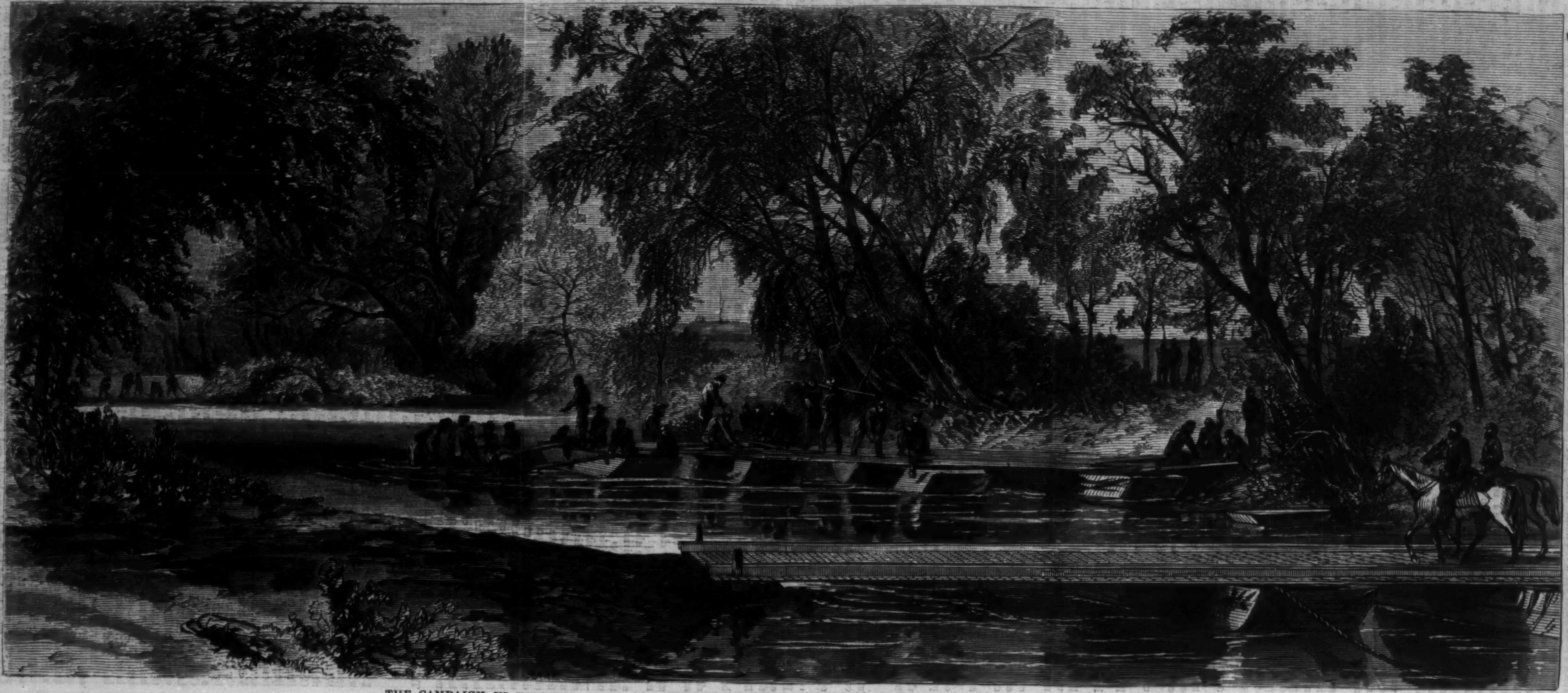
On the same page we give another sketch in which Hooker's troops are conspicuous. In his assault on the enemy's works at Resaca Hooker made steady headway, carrying line after line of rifle-pits, until Butterfield's division encountered a lunette of formidable size. Several attempts were made to carry it and capture its guns, which were pouring a destructive fire into our lines, but the attempt was futile. The troops fought with great desperation, but as often as they advanced upon the lunette the terrific volleys of musketry from the enemy in the fortifications hurled them back in confusion. At last Butterfield charged forward and took a position under the protecting works of the fort, so close to the guns within that they could be touched by the men's hands. Here they remained under shelter for the rest of the day, our men picking off every rebel who showed himself above the works. Upon the fall of night Hooker matured plans for capturing the works by strategy, under cover of darkness. The pioneers were brought up; the ends dug out of the works, and the guns drawn out by the aid of ropes, under a destructive fire from the occupants of the works, who were driven out or captured as our troops swarmed in through the opening in overwhelming numbers. The guns were four twelve-pound brass pieces; a number of battle-flags, including those of the Thirty-eighth and Thirty-fifth Alabama, were captured, with over two hundred prisoners. Geary's division is entitled to the credit of this novel achievement.



BURNING OF THE FREDERICKSBURG AND RICHMOND RAILROAD BRIDGE OVER THE NORTH ANNA.—[See Page 397.



SECOND CORPS BATTERIES IN POSITION ON THE NORTH ANNA RIVER.—[See Page 397.]



THE CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA—CANVASS PONTOONS ON THE NORTH ANNA RIVER.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 397.]

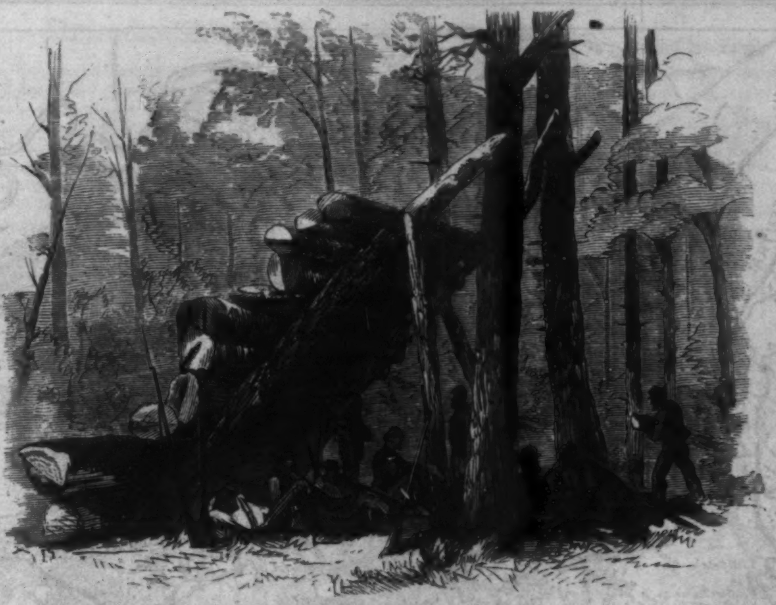
GRANT'S GREAT CAMPAIGN.

ON page 396 we give a series of sketches illustrating recent events in General GRANT's campaign. The principal sketch shows the Canvas Pontoons laid on the North Anna River for the passage of our troops. Another sketch represents the burning of the Fredericksburg and Richmond Railroad Bridge over the North Anna. A third sketch shows the Second Corps Batteries as they appeared in position on the banks of the North Anna, prior to GRANT's flank movement and passage of the Pamunkey. The Battery which appears in our sketch is the Second Maine.

On this page we give three additional illustrations of this campaign. The first is a sketch of a picturesque shelter erected by our soldiers, near the spot where General SEDGWICK was killed, as a protection against shot and shell from the rebel lines. The picture is full of interest as exhibiting what novel methods our soldiers resort to for purposes of defense from the casualties of battle.

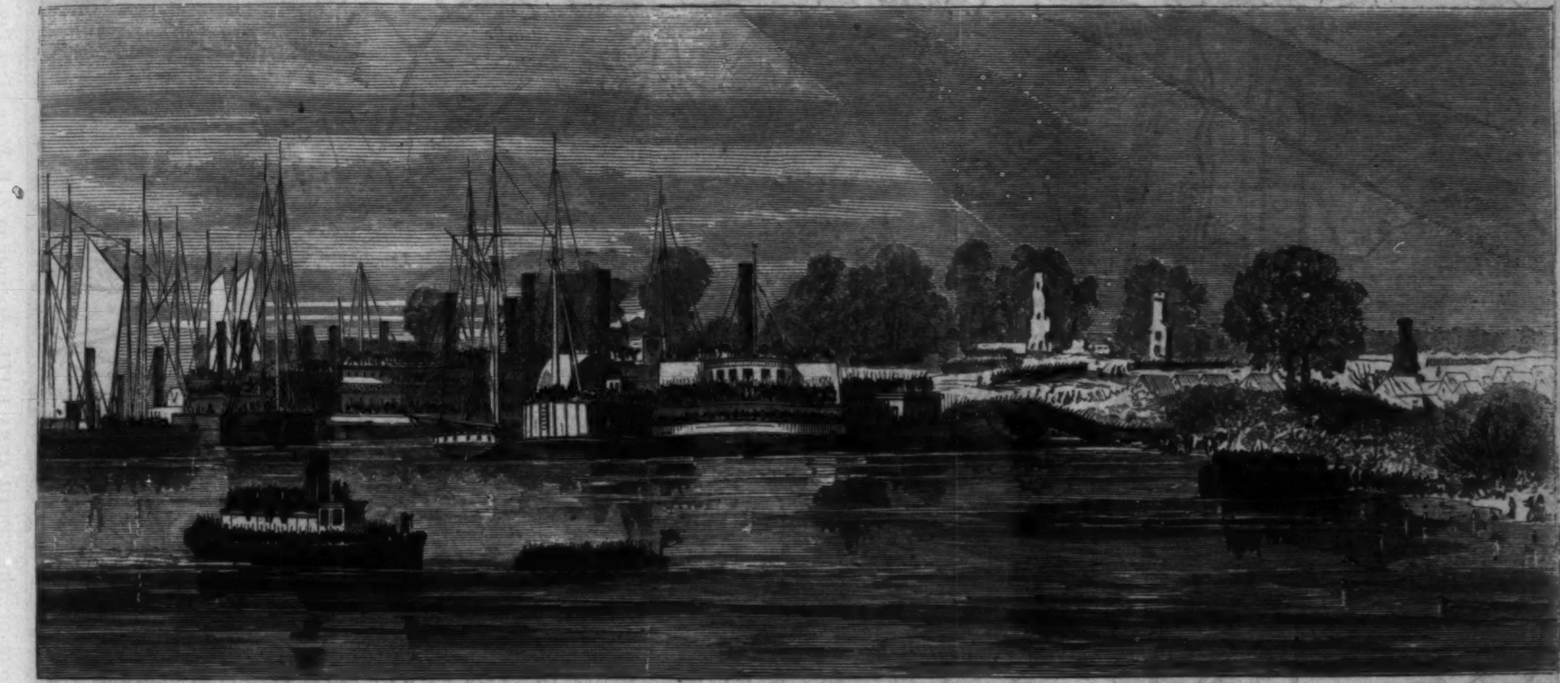
The next is a graphic sketch of the disembarkation of General W. F. SMITH's Eighteenth Army Corps at White House, on the Pamunkey River, on the 30th ult. A correspondent thus describes the landing:

> White House was reached at noon; but every facility for landing was found to have been completely destroyed. General BROOKS's flag-boat was run up to the ruins of what had been the wharf, and made fast. A detail was landed with difficulty, and was soon engaged in replanking the bridge with railroad ties. The railroad bridge, which had been crossed by SHERIDAN on his late raid, was found to have been completely destroyed by the rebels, and the Corps of Engineers were immediately at work upon it, assisted by the One Hundred and Thirty-ninth New York. Three hours after our landing a great change was effected in the appearance of the place. It again became the White House of two years ago, with the scene of busy life and its innumerable bathers.

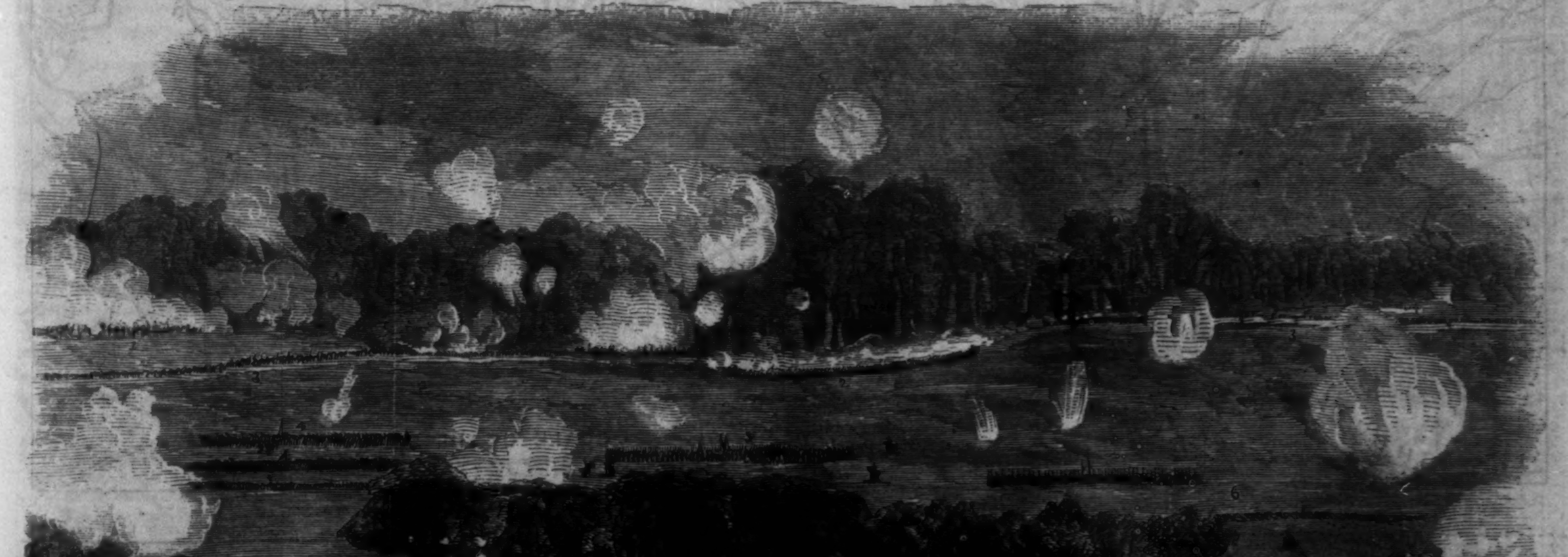


THE CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA—A FIRE-PROOF IN THE WILDERNESS, ON THE SPOT OF GENERAL SEDGWICK'S DEATH.—[FROM A SKETCH BY A. R. WAUD.]

The third is a spirited sketch of the FIGHT AT COLD HARBOR on the 1st instant, showing the position of General SMITH's corps, which bore the brunt of the fight. General SMITH's troops, though exhausted by a hard march and two or three days of hard labor, fought with the greatest gallantry. The rebels had a strong position on the edge of a dense woods, with rifle-pits and earth-works thrown up; but at the order Generals BROOKS and DEVENS pushed through the woods on their front, and the exhausted men, suddenly imbued with enthusiasm, poured like a tornado to the charge, driving the rebels pell-mell from their works and through the woods. The rebels on our immediate front were of LONGSTREET's corps, and were, after being driven through the woods, rallied behind their reserves, and led up to recapture their position. With their well-known rebel battle-cry they rushed forward, but were received with so close and murderous a fire of artillery and musketry that they broke and fled in confusion. Again and again they were rallied by their officers, and returned to the charge; but again and again they only returned to be again driven back with greater slaughter. Mr. WISNER, correspondent of the New York *Times*, in going from the front of BROOKS's division, had his horse shot under him during this engagement. General SMITH and his staff also had several narrow escapes, while some of his general officers, less fortunate, were seriously wounded by missiles from the enemy.

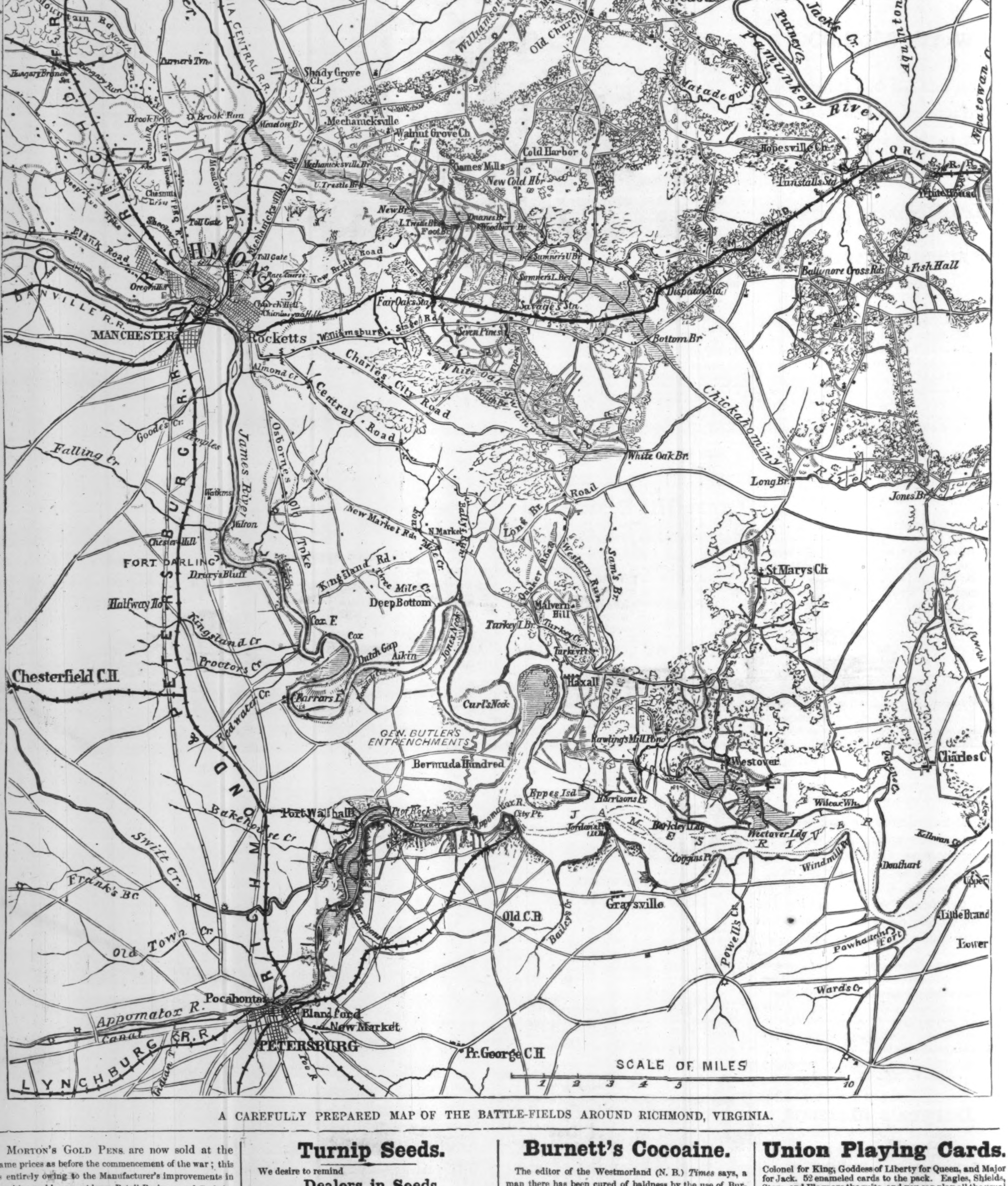


DISEMBARKATION OF GENERAL SMITH'S TROOPS AT WHITE HOUSE.—[FROM A SKETCH BY WILLIAM WAUD.]



1, 1. Rebel Guns.—2. Rebel Line of Battle.—3, 3. Rebel Earth-Works and Rifle-Pits.—4. Devins's Division charging Rifle-Pits, and capturing 580 Prisoners.—5. Brooks's Division.—6. Martindale's Division.

THE CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA—FIGHT AT COLD HARBOR, JUNE 1, 1864—GENERAL SMITH'S CORPS IN ACTION.—[FROM A SKETCH BY WILLIAM WAUD.]


Chickahominy River
Upper Chickahominy Br.
Bowe's Br.
Virginia Central R.R.
Fredericksburg R.R.
Old Mountain Rd North
Turner's Tvn.
Hungary Branch Sta.
Hungary Run
Brook Br.
Brook Run
Meadow Br.
Shady Grove Ch.
Mechanicsville
Mechanicsville Br.
U. Trestle Br.
Walnut Grove Ch.
Crumps Cr.
Hanovertown
Ferry
Totopotamoy Cr.
Williamsons Br.
Old Church
New Castle F.
Newcastle
Piping Tree F.
Putney Cr.
Jack's Cr.
Aquinton Cr.
Matatowan Cr.
Matadequin
Pamunkey River
Hopesville Ch.
York R.
White House
Cold Harbor
Games Mills
New Cold Hbr.
New Br.
Toll Gate
Blank Road
Richmond
Danville R.R.
Manchester
Rockets
New Bridge Road
Nine Mile Road
Fair Oaks Sta.
Savage's Sta.
Sumners U. Br.
Sumners L. Br.
Seven Pines
Williamsburg
Charles City Road
Central Road
White Oak Swamp
Dispatch Sta.
Bottom Br.
Baltimore Cross Rds.
Fish Hall
Chickahominy River
White Oak Br.
Long Br.
Jones Br.
Long Br. Road
Almond Cr.
Goode's Cr.
Falling Cr.
James River
Osborne's Old Pike
New Market Rd.
N. Market
Four Mile Cr.
Kingsland Rd.
Three Mile Cr.
Deep Bottom
Wilton
Chester Hill
Fort Darling
Drury's Bluff
Halfway Ho.
Kingsland Cr.
Proctors Cr.
Chesterfield C.H.
Petersburg & Richmond R.R.
Redwater Cr.
Cox F.
Cox
Dutch Gap
Aikin
Jones Neck
Farrars I.
Curl's Neck
Gen. Butler's Entrenchments
Bermuda Hundred
Port Walthall
Pt. of Rocks
Appomattox R.
City Pt.
Quaker Road
Western Run
Sam's Br.
Malvern Hill
Turkey I. Br.
Turkey Cr.
Turkey Pt.
Haxall
Rawlings Mill Pond
Eppes Isd.
Harrisons Pt.
Jordan's Pt.
Berkley Ldg.
Westover
Westover Ldg.
James River
Coggins Pt.
Wilcox Wh.
Windmill Pt.
Douthart
Kittewan Cr.
Charles C.
St. Marys Ch
Powhatan Fort
Wards Cr.
Little Brand
Lower
Graysville
Powell's Cr.
Baileys Cr.
Old C.H.
Bakehouse Cr.
Swift Cr.
Frank's Br.
Old Town Cr.
Pocahontas
Appomattox R.
Canal
Lynchburg R.R.
Indian Town
Blandford
New Market
Petersburg
Pr. George C.H.
Scale of Miles
1
2
3
4
5
10

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3000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 8 00 each.
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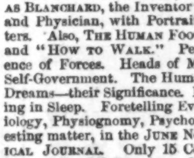

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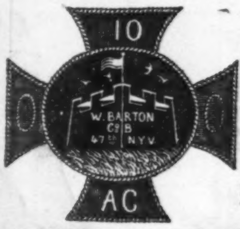

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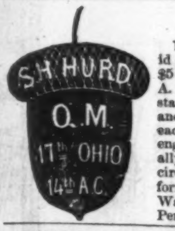

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